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NOTES.

IT is manifest now that the Government has not conducted its business in Parliament successfully or well. Yesterday morning the "Times" warned the Ministry that it would not be able to pass the London University Bill, the second reading of which has just been taken in the House of Lords. "Parliamentary omnipotence," we were warned grandiloquently, "has its moral limitations," and the measure has no chance of passing through the Lower House in what remains of the Session. The Irish Land Bill, too, even if it goes through the House of Commons, has small chance of passing un mutilated through the House of Lords. This Bill also might as well be abandoned. That the Government has done badly is acknowledged by all, and might be inferred even from the speeches of Ministers.

Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach have both been defending the Government, and in particular their leader, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and no one imagines that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would take this trouble were it not necessary. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was cheerfully audacious, and his eulogy of Mr. Balfour was dexterous ; "no party could desire a leader more skilful in debate, more courageous in action, more loyal to his colleagues, more courteous to his opponents," more mindful—We are reminded of the praise given to Lancelot in the old book. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach did not do nearly as well as Mr. Chamberlain ; in fact, he let his temper get the better of him to such an extent that for once, we fancy, the "veracious scribes" whom he attacked have been telling the truth. Mr. Balfour deserves unfavourable criticism less than anybody else, snaps Sir Michael ; and as for the suggestion that there is any competition for the Deputy-Leadership between himself, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain—well, no one should be foolish enough to believe newspapers. And yet the truth remains that Mr. Balfour has not been as successful a Leader as he should have been, and Mr. Chamberlain has used occasion so skilfully that he is getting talked of as Mr. Balfour's successor, and is now seen to be far more able and adroit than either Mr. Goschen or Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Some notice, we think, should be taken of the excellent speech made on Thursday night by Lord Reay in the House of Lords. Speaking in favour of the proposal to institute a teaching University in London, Lord Reay drew attention to the fact that in other countries vast sums of money were cheerfully spent on higher education. He did not draw the moral that has been recently drawn in a remarkable book by Mr. Williams, an account of which will be found in another column of this issue,

that our great rival Germany is beating us in the industrial competition because Germans are better educated than Englishmen, but the statistics he gave were in themselves significant enough. "In Russia since 1875 the annual expenditure on Universities, high schools, and technical schools had nearly doubled ; in 1875 it amounted to 10,000,000 roubles, while for the current financial year the amount was more than 18½ millions." In France the increase has been still more startling. To use Lord Reay's words, "the Republic has trebled the expenditure of the Empire on higher education." And of course Germany is far more lavish than even France ; "the German Empire has spent 12,000,000 marks, or £600,000, on the University of Strasburg alone since 1873." Lord Reay wisely said nothing about what is spent in Great Britain on higher education ; we prefer ornamental generals to teachers, and we are reaping the reward of our folly and misplaced parsimony.

The breeze between the Messrs. Balfour and Mr. Carson arose over a lawyer's point—whether, namely, upon the first fixing of the judicial rent the Court was to give the remainder-men notice. Mr. Carson had put upon the paper, three weeks ago, an amendment by which, if the Court failed to give the remainder-man notice, the latter was not to be bound, and consequently the fixing of the rent would be invalid. Mr. Gerald Balfour accepted the amendment ; but, upon the remonstrances of Mr. Tim Healy and other Nationalists, he and his brother declared that they didn't mean this, and that the tenant should not suffer for the omission of the Court. Mr. Carson angrily accused the Chief Secretary of going back upon his agreement to accept the amendment, and taxed him with trifling with the House by accepting amendments which he didn't understand. Mr. Arthur Balfour, who has played the big brother to the Chief Secretary throughout the Committee on the Land Bill, bitterly complained of "the trenchant hostility" of Mr. Carson, and rebuked him for doubting the bona fides of Mr. Gerald.

The quarrel was a painful incident, because when Mr. Arthur Balfour was Chief Secretary he picked Mr. Carson out from the crowd of Irish lawyers on promotion, and gave him that first lift in the official scramble which is so all-important to a climber. Mr. Carson may ruefully repeat, like Samson,

"I was his nurseling once, and choice delight," for now Mr. Balfour refers to him as "the right honourable gentleman." Mr. Carson has written to the "Times" to explain that all the landlords' amendments have been rejected by the Government evidently by pre-determined design, and he complains that the very tone and demeanour of the Chief Secretary and the First Lord of the Treasury are less conciliatory towards those who are defending the rights of the

landlords than towards the representatives of the tenants. We think that Mr. Carson has behaved with spirit and independence, and that he is justified in everything he has done and said. But if Mr. Carson had been longer in politics, he would know that a Conservative Government always treats its enemies with more consideration than its friends.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is a proverbially modest man, and therefore his comparison of himself with the Archangel Gabriel must be ascribed to an imperfect acquaintance with the latter's moral qualities. But when he descends to terrestrial metaphor, and says that between the best and the worst Leader of the House of Commons there is only the difference of a few pounds' weight, or the saving of ten days or a week of Parliamentary time, we must beg to differ from him. The qualities which go to make a successful Leader of the House of Commons are the same as those which make a boy powerful or popular at a public school. The House of Commons is, indeed, nothing but a school of grown-up boys—which is the reason why the reputation which a public man enjoys on the platform with the outside public is so very different from the estimate formed of him within the walls of Parliament. Members of Parliament are all equal; they are all *du métier*, and they judge one another keenly, but justly, and by a very different standard from that applied by perspiring and applauding crowds.

The leader, whether of boys or men, must before all be prepared to share the fatigue and discomforts of the campaign with those whom he leads. This Mr. Arthur Balfour either cannot see or will not endure. Mr. Gladstone, when over eighty, never left his place during all the long debates on the Home Rule Bill. He would listen with the greatest deference, even eagerness, to the most drivelling bore in the House. The late Mr. W. H. Smith, when tortured with eczema and other ailments which aged him prematurely, would sit patiently opposite the box and see that his colleagues sat there too. But Mr. Balfour, when he is bored, which is very often, saunters off to his private room and allows his colleagues to follow suit. Nothing does him more harm than this shirking of the drudgery which he expects his followers to undergo.

Then, again, a leader must know how to be firm and when. Palmerston rode the House of Commons with a light hand, but he knew when to shorten his reins and dig his heels in. It is absolutely essential for a leader to know his own mind, and how to enforce it. But those are just the things which Mr. Balfour does not know. He does not know what Bills he means to carry, or what Bills he means to throw over: he does not know when he means the House to rise, whether on the 12th, the 15th, or the 30th of August. "Every puny whipster gets his sword," and a few determined men, like the Irish landlords, have put the strongest Government of modern times into a minority. Our sympathies, we may say, are with the Irish landlords largely, for if the Conservative party does not defend the rights of property, it ceases to have any reason for existing.

On Tuesday the "Daily News" published "a talk with an eminent statesman" on the question of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. After tracing the growth of the feeling in both countries in favour of arbitration, this authority concludes that "a mode of proceeding satisfactory to both parties will soon be found." We are glad to find ourselves in agreement on this point with this "eminent statesman," whose authority on such questions we have no wish to dispute; for on a still more important matter his opinion seems to cast a new light upon the relations between the two countries. He declares that there is no chance of war between us and our Transatlantic kinsmen; "blustering, big talk and threats there might be, but war—No. The American people . . . in times of great excitement go right to the edge of a precipice; but they always pull themselves sharp up before going over." Clearly this belief is too optimistic; it contradicts the facts. Still, it is worth attention if only

because the "eminent statesman" seeks to justify it by an interesting personal experience.

"American threats," the statesman declares, "are not always to be taken literally. Some years ago, during a time when relations between the two countries were anything but cordial, owing to a dispute which has since been amicably settled, I was visiting America, and I had a long conversation with a former Secretary of State. His name need not be mentioned, but he was one of the ablest politicians his land has had in this generation. The subject of war came up, and he spoke out in the most emphatic way. 'America could not and would not, save for the most deliberate and repeated insults to its honour, go to war with England,' he declared. He expressed a wish to see me later about this matter, and when we met again he said, 'Did you understand what I meant by my remark the other night?' 'Yes, I think I did,' I replied. 'You intended me to let our English Premier know what you said so that you (he?) might know your intentions, and I have done so.' He admitted that this was what he had desired. Yet at that very time he was sending the most unpleasant and severe despatches to our Foreign Office. American politicians are obliged, to a certain extent, to play to the gallery, and sometimes to assume an offensive tone officially, in order to satisfy certain sections of the electors. But war! they would never dream of it."

In his speech to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on "The Manning of our Fleet," Lord Charles Beresford insisted that we wanted something like 20,000 more sailors to man the fighting ships we already possess, to say nothing of the forty-six new ships, "built, building, or projected," which will require 11,200 more men. When we consider that the sailor's trade is absolutely the most difficult of all trades to learn, and that it takes at least seven years to turn out an efficient seaman, we do not feel inclined to dispute Lord Charles Beresford's assertion that "If business men ran their businesses as the Navy was run, they would be bankrupt in three months." If, as he declares, the First Lord of the Admiralty and Lord Hood of Avalon agree with his figures, then, indeed, he is justified in declaring that our present position is full of danger.

For it appears that not only are our ships helplessly undermanned, but also that our Naval Reserve is ridiculously inadequate. It consists of 24,792 men, while France has 130,000 men, and both Italy and Russia over 100,000 men each. The comparison is so startling that we do not wonder that Lord Charles Beresford regards our Reserve as "an expensive farce." He has a plan for strengthening it without increasing its cost; but we do not at the moment care to discuss details that had best be left to specialists. The plain facts are that we must have more seamen without loss of time and a larger Reserve. We agree with Lord Charles Beresford that it is wrong to regard our mercantile marine as the true Naval Reserve. First of all, forty per cent. of our merchant sailors are foreigners, and to take, as the Naval authorities propose, another 11,000 men out of the merchant service would be to throw our carrying trade out of gear and into the hands of neutrals. The truth is, we should spend four millions sterling more a year on our Navy and four millions less on our Army. It would be possible to have as efficient an army as we now have at half the cost.

There has been much grumbling at the Law Courts about the continuance of the Jameson trial. That three judges should be kept from their proper work to listen, day after day, to speeches and evidence in a case in which there is no real dispute either as to the law or the facts is regarded as an unmitigated nuisance by those who have real business, which is in danger of being thrown over the Long Vacation. The demands on our judges made by the Circuits and the Old Bailey we must put up with; but, when we are within less than three weeks of the end of the legal year, the sudden tying up of our three senior judges is a real calamity for scores of litigants. The trial at Johannes-

burg and the Parliamentary inquiry at Cape Town have surely placed on record all the evidence that is likely to be elicited, and everybody is thinking more about the future of South Africa and its industries than of the details of the already half-forgotten story of Jameson's Raid.

Sir Edward Clarke argued, with even more than his usual fire and resource, on the motion to quash the indictment on Monday, and the general verdict of the Bar was that in the old days of strict technicalities he would have won his point, for there was some very slovenly work in the indictment. But the decision of the Lord Chief Justice was as remarkable in its way as the famous charge of the late Lord Coleridge in *R. v. Ramsay and Foote*. The carefully turned phrase (misreported, by the way, in most of the papers) with which he brushed aside whole libraries of recorded cases—"Many of them belong to a time when the right and the justice and the substance of the thing were sacrificed to the science of artificial statement"—is enough to make the old judges turn in their graves, but it is good sense and good justice for all that. Many a fortune and many a reputation were made by the pursuit of this same "science of artificial statement" in the old days when a misplaced letter or a misspelt word would upset a whole case; but the "new order" will please the public, even if it makes the profession grieve. If the Lord Chief Justice is strong enough to persevere in this line, he will leave a great name when the time comes for him to make way for a successor. It is long since there has been a judge who has excited such hopes, or whose career from day to day was more keenly followed by the English Press.

The County Council is evidently anxious to wind up its summer's work at peace with all men. It has unanimously voted the widening of the Strand and shunted the ambitious and costly plan of building a palace for itself; it has trebled its offer to Captain Simonds of the Fire Brigade, thereby showing want of logic, but a desire to conciliate; and, most wonderful of all, it has carried the surrender to Sir Peter Edlin "without discussion." When we remember the interminable wrangles, and the amount of malicious and interested fault-finding that the very name of the Chairman of the London Sessions used to bring up in the last Council, it is satisfactory to record the presence of an altogether changed feeling in regard to a worthy judge whose only fault was an over-sharp tongue. Sir Peter is to have a pension amounting to two-thirds of the increased salary of £2,000, and so he wins all along the line, and leaves the position better for his successor than it ever was for himself.

At the same time, candidates for one of the most important judicial posts in the country are likely to compare unfavourably the views as to salary of the City Corporation and the London County Council. In the same week that the General Purposes Committee of the latter was coming to a decision as to Sir Peter Edlin, the Officers and Clerks Committee of the Corporation was discussing the position of Sir Forrest Fulton, who sits about one day for Sir Peter Edlin's two, and who has only seen four years' service instead of a quarter of a century's. But Sir Forrest Fulton, as Common Serjeant, is to receive £3,000 a year, while the Deputy Chairman the corresponding officer under the County Council will receive only £1,500. As to which gets too much and which too little we do not venture to decide, but it does seem as if there ought to be some greater approach to uniformity in the remuneration of these judges.

The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland published its Report weeks ago. Ten out of the thirteen Commissioners agree that we have taken £2,750,000 a year more from Ireland than Ireland ought to have paid. And this fleecing of England's weaker sister has been going on at this rate for something like half a century. According to the finding of a Commission mainly composed of Englishmen, we owe Ireland considerably over £100,000,000 sterling; a sum that,

wisely expended on light railways, harbour extensions, and drainage schemes, would go far even now towards making Ireland prosperous. Had this sum been left in Ireland to fructify, it is more than likely that Ireland would never have suffered as she suffered in the early Eighties, and then we should have had Home Rule in a much milder form.

But what is to be done now? The politicians have paid no attention to this Report; it is, in fact, being met with silence—the "Todesschweigen" that allows no whisper to disturb the grave wherein unpleasant things are buried. For our part, as we have already said, we rejoice in this Report; it shows that the cry for Home Rule has not its root in sentiment, but in material grievances, and a rich country like England can easily turn these grievances into gratitude. But will England even now act generously in this matter?—that's the rub. We hope so, and shall press the point in and out of season. This Report has yet another bearing; it explains the existence of the physical-force party in Irish politics, just as the illegal levy of ship-money explained Hampden's revolt. Consequently we hope that the Home Secretary will imitate President Kruger's magnanimity, and set the so-called Dynamite prisoners free; for these men, at any rate, took no lives and shed no blood. Moreover, we want to make friends with the Irish, and that is to be accomplished by giving them what they want, so far as their desires are consistent with higher laws, and not what we think they ought to want.

The average reader who, on glancing through his newspaper, lights upon a column in which he reads that "the growing of wheat is an industry of the past," that "the wages of agricultural labourers have steadily declined," and that "the production of poultry, dairy produce, and the like is the only hope," turns wearily from the twice-told tale of the depressed English farmer and triumphant American competition. But for once he would be wrong, for the extracts we have given are not from the Agricultural Commission, but from the British Consul-General at San Francisco, and he is reporting on the state of agriculture in the Golden West. Two sets of figures show how hard the wheat-grower on the Pacific slope has been hit. In 1883 California exported over 42,200,526 bushels of wheat of a value of over fifty million dollars, while in 1893 the export had fallen to 18,000,000 bushels of a value of between eight and nine million dollars. The fact that wheat growers all over the world seem engaged in a process of steadily ruining each other is one of the most puzzling in a very puzzling economic problem.

The newspapers have as yet taken very little heed of the International Workmen's Congress which opens in London on Monday. So far as numbers go, it will be the biggest and most representative gathering of the sort that has ever been held. But whether it will do anything, and if so what, is still a mystery. Orthodox Trades-Unionists, "Independent Labourites," Social Democrats, Fabians—indeed, all sections of advanced opinion, Anarchists excepted—will be welcomed. It is with that exception that the first difficulty will probably arise; for at the Zürich Conference the Anarchists insisted on presenting themselves, and it took two days to expel them. Some foreign Governments have taken alarm at the word "International," and see visions of petroleum and dynamite breaking out in every direction at the bidding of a common centre; but the delegates are much more likely to quarrel among themselves than to unite to do mischief to their opponents. For all that, it will be an interesting and a significant gathering, and will deserve more notice and better reports than we fear it is likely to get in the English press.

Sir Arthur Arnold, in his annual review of the work of the London County Council, boasted that the price of Metropolitan stock was about the same as that of Consols, while the municipal credit was undisturbed like that of the nation by foreign politics. With all respect to Sir Arthur Arnold, neither the price nor the steadiness of Metropolitan stock is due so much to confidence in the County Council as to the fact that its finance is subject to the control of the Treasury, and

that its annual money bill has to be passed by the House of Commons. The net municipal debt of London, including the debts of all the local authorities, the Vestries, Boards of Guardians, School Board, and Asylums Board, amounts in round figures to £38,000,000, and the net rateable value of the metropolis is estimated roundly at £35,833,000. This indebtedness strikes us as being excessive, for the rateable value is the total security which a municipality has for its borrowing. It is as if the National Debt were to exceed the total capital of the nation.

The County Council have apparently settled the dismissal of Captain Simonds by paying that officer the sum of £1,650, or a year and a half's salary. It is an illogical and not very courageous compromise; for, as we have said before, either Captain Simonds ought to have been dismissed with nothing, or he ought to have got heavy damages. The water question is where it was, though Sir Arthur Arnold is confident that his private negotiations with the Chairmen of the Water Companies and Lord James will bear fruit in a settlement next year. The Moderates, by-the-bye, are divided on this matter, Lord Onslow being in favour of purchase by "a Bill," as opposed to the eight Bills of the Progressives; while Mr. Cohen, Mr. Whitmore, and Sir John Lubbock declined to follow Lord Onslow on this point, and pronounced in favour of "control," as opposed to purchase, by the Council. It has been decided to widen the Strand next year by clearing away the southern side of Holywell Street.

An interesting German law came into force lately, the "Law against Unfair Competition," intended to punish the swindling of the descriptive advertiser. Next to the land of the wooden nutmeg Germany is probably the country where devious commercial transactions most prevail, and as we in London are not infrequently the sufferers by the enterprise of Hamburg and Bremen, we wish well to the new "self-denying ordinance." By the way, a newspaper which publishes a false trade description may be made *particeps criminis*, and prosecuted as an accessory. This opens up an interesting prospect for those newspapers which make a good thing out of money-lenders, quack medicines, and City companies.

The death of Edmond de Goncourt is an important literary event. The two brothers have an honourable place in the literary history of the nineteenth century. We do not rate their novels as highly as they are rated in Paris, where "Germinie Lacerteux" is spoken of as "a masterpiece" and "Madame Gervaisais" is eulogized beyond measure; but we regard the first volumes of the famous "Journal" as one of the most interesting books of our time, and the De Goncourts seem to us historians of the first order. They have almost reconstituted the eighteenth century for us, and have taught the world what exquisite masters Watteau and Fragonard and Chardin were. In Paris, too, they were the first to collect Japanese prints and to insist on the merits of Japanese art and artists. And though Whistler in London was preaching from the same text at about the same time, that does not detract from the value of Edmond's work. We are all, as Zola said over the grave, the debtors and pupils of these bold innovators.

We cannot congratulate Lord Frederick Hamilton and Sir Douglas Straight on their literary scholarship. The "Pall Mall Magazine" presents as the most conspicuous item of attraction in its summer number an "unpublished poem by Wordsworth," facsimiled from the poet's autograph and vouched for in an advertisement as "a literary curiosity" and "well-authenticated." It is well authenticated, and its publication may be regarded as a literary curiosity, for the "unpublished poem" consists of the last six lines of Wordsworth's well-known sonnet beginning "The most alluring clouds that mount the sky," which has been in print for more than half a century. The poem in the magazine is illustrated by the presentment of an ancient gentleman resembling Faust in the first scene of the opera. He is seated beside a waste-paper basket, and seems to muse upon the proper uses of that receptacle.

LORD ROSEBERY IN HIS TRUE RÔLE.

WITH time and the help of occasion we are beginning to see Lord Rosebery as he is. We make no apology for having misunderstood him in the past, for even now he seems in the dark about himself and his own talents to a quite pathetic degree. In his recent speech, at Glasgow, on the occasion of the Burns centenary, he put himself as a politician on one side and Burns as a poet on the other. Of course he is too clever a man not to have some glimmering of the truth: wittily enough he placed the politician immeasurably below the poet. But still he evidently considered himself to be a politician, and therein we venture to think is the pathos of the situation. There can be no doubt of the fact that as a politician Lord Rosebery is worse than a failure; he doesn't play the part badly; he is simply incapable of playing it at all. And this is to his credit. He sees that the questions involved in politics have little or nothing to do with principles; that politics are founded upon opportunism, and consequently we hear his real belief at one moment and the next what he considers it to be his duty as a politician to affirm. He declares at one time that Home Rule can never be granted until the "dominant partner" is converted, and then spends months in minimizing the force of this uncomfortable truism. His wavering has got him a bad name as a politician, and deservedly; but this instability of character only appears when he talks about politics, where principles only realize themselves over long periods and where the political philosopher continually finds himself in opposition to the politician, who must take popular feeling as his guide. To judge Lord Rosebery as a politician is to condemn the razor because it is a bad ploughshare.

Even the "Times" sees this in its purblind way; it speaks with faintest approval of Lord Rosebery's "somewhat dithyrambic oration," whereas in truth no politician who has yet lived in England, not even Lord Beaconsfield, would have been capable of making either the speech which Lord Rosebery delivered at Dumfries or the one which he delivered in Glasgow. What politician would ever have thought of dismissing "puffs and advertisement" as "intellectual cosmetics . . . frail and fugitive"? The politician knows the value of puffs and advertisement as well as a beauty understands the value of rouge; like the lady, he may be a little ashamed of the means and yet extremely well satisfied with the result. For both reasons—his shame and his satisfaction—he doesn't talk about the matter, much less talk frankly about it. But Lord Rosebery is frankness itself. He has all the ingenuousness of the literary temperament. While the politician will naturally dwell upon achievement and success—for triumph is the only reward of his endeavour—Lord Rosebery as a man of letters is touched to wider and deeper issues. He has nothing to say about Burns's hour of success in Edinburgh, except in illustration of his conversational power; he turns at once to the pathos of failure, the tragedy of an untimely end. What he dwells on is the briefness of the hour of splendour; his sympathy is aroused by "the mad struggle for forgetfulness, the bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children—an endless witch-dance of thought without clue or remedy, all perplexing, all soon to end while he is yet young, as men regard youth, though none know so well as he that his youth is gone, that his race is run, his message delivered."

But Lord Rosebery has not only the ingenuousness and wide sympathy of the literary temperament, he has also not a little of the high impartial sincerity of the literary genius, and this quality alone would be fatal to the politician. Fancy a politician, Gladstone or Canning if you will, called upon to speak about Burns. How he would spend himself in commonplaces; how he would expatiate on his genius, wisely avoiding his vices. But Lord Rosebery knows nothing of such cowardly prudence. At the very outset he declares, what Burns himself said in other words in his "Unco Guid"—that "few men can bear the strain of a poet's temperament through many years"; and with this belief he passes boldly on to consider Burns's failings. He boldly asserts that the drunkenness of his later life "was but an

occasional condescendence to the vice and habit of the age." And then he takes heart of grace, and in the capital and centre of strait-laced Scotland deals boldly and honestly with Burns's love affairs. "The chivalry that made Don Quixote see the heroic in all the common events of life made Burns (as his brother tells us) see a goddess in every girl he approached; hence many love affairs and some guilty ones; but even these must be judged with reference to time and circumstance. This much is certain—had he been devoid of genius they would not have attracted attention. It is Burns's pedestal that affords a target. And why, one may ask, is not the same treatment measured out to Burns as to others? The illegitimate children of great captains and statesmen and princes are treated as historical and ornamental incidents. They strut the scene of Shakspeare and ruffle it with the best. It is for the illegitimate children of Burns, though he and his wife cherished them as if born in wedlock, that the vials of wrath are reserved. There were two brilliant figures, both descended from the Stuarts, who were alive during Burns's life. We occupy ourselves endlessly and severely with the offences of Burns; we heave an elegant sigh over the kindred lapses of Charles James Fox and Charles Edward Stuart." This is a plain statement of plain truth, but Lord Rosebery was not content to stop there; he continues, in words which one loves to recall:

"I should like to go a step further, and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weakness of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant, unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses, like ours, their temptations, their hour of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone."

These are wise and brave words, which we cannot sufficiently commend; but surely the courage of them is even more conspicuous than the insight. And this courage, this contempt of conventional opinion, is the characteristic of the great man of letters. Only the other day, in his speech at the grave of Edmond de Goncourt, M. Zola proclaimed this truth:—"Ah! to have intellectual courage! To tell the truth and the whole truth, even if it costs one peace and friends; never to consider any convention, to go to the end of one's thought, careless of consequence. Nothing is rarer, nothing is finer, nothing is grander." And assuredly if intellectual courage deserves gratitude and praise in France, it deserves them in a far higher degree in England. Conventions and restrictions lie lightly enough on men of letters and artists in France, but here in England they are still heavy as lead. We give praise and thanks then, as is meet, to Lord Rosebery for his courage; we hail him as a worthy man of letters and a literary critic of real value, but as a politician—!

Has Lord Rosebery ever considered what the result would be if the papers got afraid to report one of these literary speeches of his? And without doubt if he continues to tell the truth so plainly they will quickly become afraid. Evidently he must choose to be either politician or publicist. No man can serve two masters so different as Truth and the Public.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

EVERYBODY had been exclaiming how very like Mr. Gerald Balfour was to his brother, but it remained for this week to prove it. It is a commonplace to say that, if Mr. Arthur Balfour had not been goaded into prominence by the half-insane scurrility of Mr. William O'Brien and the silly little knot of English Radicals who took their cue from "United Ireland," he would never have become leader of the House of Commons; and it was only when the Irish landlords had, like the Jews of old, "banded themselves together with a curse," saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had slain the Land Bill, that Mr. Gerald Balfour really stiffened his back and told them to do their worst. A week ago nothing could have been more hopeless than the outlook for that measure. It was denounced by the Nationalists as a fraud and a trap, and by the landlords as confiscation. With the exception of the First Lord of the Treasury, it had probably not one sincere friend in the Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain was ostentatiously indifferent; nine out of ten of the gentlemen sitting behind the Government only wished to see the Bill removed from the Order Paper and to hear no more of it. But, as we have said, the Irish landlords went too far. There is probably no sectional group so entirely out of touch with those among whom they sit as this little knot of political Bourbons. They never advance; they never learn. They have had their losses and misfortunes—some of them deserved, some of them undeserved—just as landowners in England and in Scotland have had their losses and misfortunes. But, instead of accepting the situation and making the best of things, they have met every fresh calamity by one simple policy—that of calling on the Government of the day to come over and collect their rents for them, at the point of the bayonet if need be. Now the House of Commons dearly loves a man who can stand up for himself, but in time it gets tired of one who is always parading his wrongs and calling for help. So, when the Irish landlords took to threatening Mr. Balfour, and declaring that they would wreck the Government if the Bill were pressed, and the Chief Secretary accepted the challenge, the House was delighted to find that he had grit in him after all; and it showed its sense of the situation by supporting him on Colonel Saunderson's two great amendments (to Clause 7 and Clause 34), by nearly double the normal Government majority.

And so, to everybody's surprise, the Land Bill is as good as passed. Mr. Carson on the second night of the debate threw up his brief and went off in a sulk, for all the world like Mr. John Dillon at his best, and the clauses went through as no Irish Bill has gone for many a long year. And all because the House recognized that the reign of shilly-shally was over, and that for once it had at its head a man who knew what he wanted, and meant to have it. There are terrible tales as to what is to be done in the House of Lords; but it may probably be found that the Upper House is but little inclined for the experiment of smashing a Bill whose most disputed provisions have been accepted by majorities of over two hundred and fifty in a House of Commons where the normal Unionist majority is under one hundred and fifty. The only exception to this wonderful unanimity was in the division on Clause 24, where the long-pent-up wrath of many sections of the House secured the defeat, not of the Government exactly, but of the Treasury. When Mr. Arthur Balfour was passing his Purchase Bill, in 1891, the Treasury drove a hard bargain, and instead of giving the landlords cash down for their land, as had been done under the Ashbourne Act, would only consent to give them "Land Consols," which, in the then perturbed state of Ireland, could only be sold at a discount. Since Home Rule has been knocked on the head, however, there has been a change, and "Land Consols" are now quoted at something like 110. Down comes "our old friend the Treasury," as Mr. Healy called it, and declares that this will never do, and that henceforth landlords must take cash. Both landlords and Nationalists very properly retorted that, as sellers under the Act had for five or six years taken the risk of serious loss, it was only fair that they should now have a chance of making a small profit. Mr. Arthur

Balfour was misguided enough to insist on his pound of flesh, and was beaten by the most heterogeneous majority of the Session, a Nationalist and a landlord acting as tellers.

We have never altered our conviction that rent-fixing by a peripatetic court of amateurs is a clumsy, a costly, and a demoralizing method of dealing with the Irish Land difficulty. But it has been adopted, and there is no going back on it short of a struggle compared with which that of 1880-1883 would be a trifle. The only statesmanlike course is to accept the Land Court, and make it as efficient an instrument as may be for leading up to peasant ownership. The landlord system, nominally based on free contract, has for a variety of reasons broken down in Ireland as completely as the pre-revolutionary system broke down in France, and to attempt to restore the one would be about as hopeful as to attempt to restore the other. A peasant State is not an ideal State, either agriculturally or socially, as we know from numerous examples from France to Bulgaria. But, at any rate, it is broad-based and solid, and not given to rash experiments or revolutions; and if Ireland is ever to become, as a whole, a respectable member of the body politic, it can only be by social peace and internal development. This is what peasant ownership will give, and this is what for the present any one pretending to statesmanship must work towards. That the experiment is financially safe is best proved by the fact that, although it has been tried in years of almost continuous depression and fierce political turmoil, there has been nothing resembling repudiation of obligations, and the guarantee funds are being dispensed with under the new Bill, because they are never called on. In some few cases, as was inevitable, men have failed to meet their obligations. The law has taken its course, their "interests" have been sold, and the public opinion of the district has accepted the result as just and reasonable; it has led to no outrage or boycotting. Until the law is supported by public opinion no country can be really free or progressive. It may be necessary in the future as in the past to support the law, for a time, against popular clamour on this detail of policy or on that, but the law must be such as, in the long run, to secure the support of the majority of the people or the State will go to pieces. It is because we recognize that the tendency of this Bill must be to substitute over the greater part of Ireland a system that has succeeded where tried, for one that has hopelessly failed, that we cordially support it, and congratulate the Government on the prospect of its passing.

EARL LI.

IT is satisfactory that Li Hung Chang is to be received in this country as a guest of the Government, and that he is to be treated with becoming ceremony. The excessive homage paid him in Germany has been made the occasion for warnings addressed to this country not to fall into a similar mistake, not to assume such an undignified and impolitic attitude. We are reminded, in effect, on the one hand, that he is not the great man—the Bismarck of China—he was once considered to be, but an ordinary "mandarin on the make"; and on the other, that nothing is to be gained by being civil to him, as he has no power to give orders, make contracts, or negotiate concessions. Anything "made in Germany" is not to be endured at present, but we shall want something more than the fatuous policy of *embêter les Allemands*, which seems so much in vogue, to convince us that Li should not have a fitting reception at our hands; and if it be true that he can give no orders, he still remains a big figure, not only in China but in contemporary history. He most certainly is *not* *quantité négligeable*.

Li's half-century of service under four Emperors, of which thirty-four years have been conspicuously successful, his prominent official position, especially in regard to foreign affairs, his marked sympathy with the progressive spirit and with a broad-minded policy, his constant courtesy and accessibility to strangers—a new departure in the Chinese official world in the treatment of the Outer Barbarian—have gained him the respect of all those who are at all acquainted with affairs in the Far East.

Some four years ago, on the occasion of Li's seventieth birthday, the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung composed a panegyric on "Earl Li,"* in which, amid a mass of hyperbole, he said some things not untrue. "During the eighteen years of His Majesty's reign," Chang wrote, "the influence of your counsels has been perceptible in every act of State, and your position is now firmly established as first among statesmen. Surely you are He that Hofei was destined to bring forth! Councillor, Governor-General of the Metropolitan Province, Naval Minister, Superintendent of Trade; we see you engaged in these quadruple duties, and in each *facile princeps*. You have vindicated your right to all your titles. Our Prince is, indeed, fortunate in the possession of such a Minister." And again:—"You are altogether admirable; in literature deep, in war-craft terrible, in perception acute, in genius sublime; you are entrenched on every side, unassailable." In estimating the value of the eulogy one must remember that it was Chinese etiquette on such an occasion, and perhaps also the fact that Chang did not love Li. Under somewhat similar circumstances do not our own statesmen occasionally say very handsome things of each other?

From the Western point of view, let us see what Li has done—what, as Americans say, he "amounts to." More than thirty years ago Li Hung Chang assumed an important place in the political world, and not merely of his own country, and he has ever since continued to play that part with no diminished lustre, except on the occasion of the Chino-Japanese war, whereby his influence was undoubtedly shaken. When the Peking Government was engaged in what was a life and death struggle with the Taiping rebels, Li became *taotai* (magistrate) in the province which was then the centre of the rebellion. The situation was critical, and demanded the exercise of exceptional talents and attributes, altogether different from those usually required in such a position. Li grasped the situation—one of those in which capable men of action find their opportunity—and rose to the occasion. He at once commenced the work of organizing the Imperial forces, which were in a state of the most complete confusion, amounting to anarchy. Having the brains to see the value of Western organization and leadership, he had the courage to employ these. By the aid of Europeans of ability—such as Gordon ("Chinese Gordon"), Giquel, Macartney (now Sir Halliday), and others—who took service with him, he was able not only to crush the Taiping rebellion, but at various points to lay the foundations of the Government arsenals, which led to the introduction of European machinery and skilled appliances into the Middle Kingdom. The first factories—at Shanghai and Nanking—were followed by others at Foochow, Tientsin, and other places. If the results achieved in this, as in other directions, have fallen short of what was hoped, one must bear in mind the stupendous opposition which had to be met and overcome.

The prestige gained by Li from the successful campaign against the Taiping rebels (1862-65) was great. Raised at once to high office, he was overlaid with honours, accompanied by multifarious and onerous duties. Other risings of minor importance—two of them Mahomedan—were then suppressed by him; and in 1870 he was appointed Viceroy of Chih-li, a post which he has since retained. In addition to that laborious office, he has been Imperial Commissioner for Trade and Coast Defence, and more recently Vice-President of the Board of Admiralty and Director-General of Railways. Beyond these officially gazetted appointments, he was Chief Adviser, and practically Foreign Minister, being always pushed into the breach when action was imperative. He was the negotiator of treaties and, in a large degree, the arbiter of peace and war. The amount of unceasing labour involved by these duties, considering the minutiae required by Chinese official routine, it is almost impossible for a Westerner to realize. It is a marvel how the work was got through. And all the time Li found leisure to see any foreigner, from a plenipotentiary to a bagman, who wanted to see him on any reasonable pretext. A marked feature in Li, and one to his credit, has been this readiness to receive foreigners and assimilate Western ideas.

* Translated by Mr. C. H. Brewitt-Taylor.

Always tolerant, always accessible, always urbane, his association with foreigners has helped to beat down the deep-rooted, colossal objection of the Chinese official world to any such intercourse. And hereby Li has rendered the Western world and his own country a very considerable service.

It has been well said of Li that the key to his character is "practical." An Opportunist of Opportunists, he deals only with the practicable, goes step by step, only moving when sure of his footing. He has no sympathy with the visionary or enthusiast. His strong points, from our standpoint—and in a Chinese official how astonishing they are!—are his indifference to tradition, his disregard for the veneration of things simply because they are ancient, his interest in the present, and not the past. In other words, he is touched, if not imbued, with the modern spirit. And there he stands apart, absolutely alone, in the whole Chinese official world.

In the making of railways he has not been able to accomplish much, and his Director-Generalship may be considered a mere sinecure, in the almost total absence of railways. But it must not be forgotten that, if there is little to show in the matter of railways, there has been much talk, and also *something* has been done. It is not only in China, too, that the period of palaver, as a prelude to the introduction of useful railways, is prolonged. Li was a firm believer in railways years ago, and is still. I remember well how, in 1883, he told me that, in his opinion, had railways existed from Central China to the South, there would have been no Tongking question; and I believe he meant it.

Not only in matters of defence, military and naval, has Li, contrary to the most violent prejudices and established tradition, attempted to introduce Western inventions and appliances; but he founded, and was the leading spirit of, the China Merchants' Fleet, created with the view of introducing European business management generally into the Chinese system. Far from being a brilliant success, compared with what has been accomplished in Japan, still it has been of service to China. The Chinese way of looking at this step of Li's is interesting, and we have it from the pen of Chang Chih-tung, in the address to Li already quoted:—

"In the old days Russian ships came hither, and Persian merchants were met in Tang's capital. 'Nibble away at the husk and you will at last reach the grain'—this was the guiding principle of the foreigners who came across the seas and entered our ports. We admitted them and they were guests. Presently the positions were reversed; we were guests, they masters. Wishing to stop the drain, we had to turn to ourselves for aid. The Wu rice comes from the south, hemp from Shuh, in the west. We saw how we could turn the sea to our advantage and have ships for defence. Now our ships carry the skins of Ch'êng to the markets of Chow. Produce of every kind pours into every land, and foreign cloth and gold are piled in heaps in our provincial stores. There is plenty for all, and poverty ceases to exist. We hold our own and more—the water begins to return from the sea.' These advantages are due to You, for the formation of the Steamship Company was Your work."

Mainly owing to the influence of Li the Chinese Government were induced to adopt the telegraph, which now covers the empire in all directions, to permit the construction of railways, which have been started whenever and wherever opposition could be overcome, and to encourage mining enterprise. In the field of education, too, he has done good work. The various schools established by him—military, naval, torpedo, telegraph, railway, and, last but not least, medical—are all surely, though silently, unobtrusively and slowly, effecting a change. And, in all this work of reform, he has stood a solitary figure. If he has not attempted any sweeping reform, if he has not taken in hand the "regeneration of China," he has at least, in his opportunist way, introduced the thin end of the wedge which will shake to the foundation the abysmal self-conceit and slavish submission to tradition of the Chinese mandarin. Already the strongest, ablest, and at one time also most bigoted, among the viceroys has compromised with the spirit of the age and is following Li's example. And this is significant.

What all this means only those who know China—the China which lies apart from the China of the treaty-ports—can possibly in a measure appreciate. With jealous critics in the Peking *tsungli yamen*, clinging to the Past as the sole source of knowledge, with reluctant, ignorant and inefficient assistants, with the people indifferent or solidly opposed, not always supported by the British Minister and the powerful influence of the Chinese Customs service, under Sir Robert Hart, who paid court to the *tsungli yamen*, he faced the difficulties alone. National reforms, even administrative reforms, are not easily accomplished in other countries than China, and considering the condition of the empire, the verdict on Li's life-work must be that he has rendered good service to civilization.

On several occasions it has been my fortune to have interviews with Li, and, in common with all others, I was struck by the shrewdness of his remarks and by a feeling that he was getting to the bottom of things. He had a habit of "pumping" all he came across, and as he had men of all nationalities and representing a variety of interests, the amount of information he amassed from his interviews must have been very considerable. Being in the north of China, as a Special Correspondent of the *Times*, at the time of the Tongking war, when the so-called Fournier Convention was concluded, he asked me what I had been doing in Tongking and what I was about in China. On my telling him, he said "But you are in Government service." I endeavoured to explain that I was on leave; but he replied, "I understand; we also have our *wei-yuens*. You are an official spy." In China, I presume, only a Government agent would have been collecting information as I then was.

In the field of diplomacy Li has shown skill, sagacity, and breadth of view, and his reputation in this respect has, in Chinese opinion, if not in reality, been maintained by his last act, after it had suffered in a military sense, for he succeeded, though at a price which may prove heavy, in depriving Japan of almost all their advantages in the hour of victory. His two former chief achievements in this arena were the negotiations arising out of the Margary affair, in connexion with the Chefoo Convention of 1876, when, as generally admitted, out of a most difficult and dangerous situation for China he managed to secure an arrangement which, intended as a chastisement, turned out to the advantage of China. At the time of the Franco-Chinese conflict (1883-85) Li was entrusted with the negotiations, and if the result was not altogether satisfactory to China, that was certainly not Li's fault. Both in regard to the Bourée treaty and the Fournier Convention, Li did well for his country, and it would have been to China's advantage if either had been accepted and maintained. Neither pleased the Chinese Jingoes, and the latter treaty was by them wantonly broken, involving China in a year's war, an expenditure of sixty million taels, and the loss of that fleet in the Miu (which I witnessed), after which the original terms obtained by Li were perforce accepted.

It is commonly believed, in this country, that Li's measures of "reform" were largely influenced by the opportunities offered for self-aggrandizement in power and wealth, that he only differed from his brother colleagues in doing things on a bigger scale, and that his combination of business with statesmanship has made him one of the world's millionaires. However he may have acquired the greater portion of his means, there is no doubt he is wealthy; but it is doubtful whether his fortune would compare with that of several South African millionaires, not to speak of dozens in Europe or America. It seems unnecessary to dwell further on this subject; we have to examine both sides of the medal; and it is the balance of services we have to arrive at.

As regards Li's military failure in the Chino-Japanese conflict, it must be remembered that the war was forced on China. He alone, unsupported, had attempted anything, and when the old-time Chinese system failed, and failed miserably, the whole blame was laid on Li, and not unnaturally, for we all know that nothing fails like failure.

More might certainly have been accomplished by Li, but also less. In estimating the degree of success

which has attended his efforts, we must bear in mind that the temper of the time in China has not been favourable. Had that been kinder, the result would have been very different.

Li has come to Europe, as a *wei-yuen*, to spy out the land, to see which nations are really great; and on his return he will advise the throne. Let us avoid over-homage by all means. But it would be foolish, indeed, to under-rate and neglect Li because in the Chino-Japanese war he failed to justify general expectation, or because Germany has been overfeting him. The German manufacturers may have lost their heads in the bustle to secure orders; but the German Government and capable Germans from China like Mr. Detring know perfectly what they are about. The *impressions de voyage* which the distinguished Chinese statesman will take back they judge to be important, and they wisely determine that to the best of their ability they shall be favourable to Germany.

It is right that he should be received as a great man, for he is one; with all his faults he has rendered a signal service to civilization. It is politic that he should be impressed with the power of England, for he is still a force in the Far East, and the one prominent figure in the Chinese Empire. And if Germany has her workshops for war and battalions of soldiers, we have our London and our industrial centres, our Armstrong works and our fleets; and at sea we can best impress Li with our "flying clouds, ranging the ocean by submerged wheels." If, too, there are at present no orders for artillery, and munitions of war and strategic railways for a "regenerated China," there are still alliances in Europe to be sought for, allies who will be paid for with trade privileges and concessions of various sorts, and so long as China exists, with her 350 millions and her immense latent resources, there is something—and a big something—to be gained.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE HIDE HUNTER.

IT is half an hour before dawn at the camp of Hans Botha, a Transvaal Boer, who is just now preparing for a morning's hunting. Not so many years ago Hans hunted elephants for their teeth, and did pretty well by the sale of his ivory down country. But that is a thing of the past; elephants south of the Zambesi are now so scarce that in a whole season's hunting you may not even see the spoor of one. And so Hans is reduced, like others of his kind, to pursue the game that remains to the veldt of South-Eastern Africa for the price he can get for the skins. It is a miserable profession, this skin-hunting, and only the poorest of the Transvaal Boers still stick to it. Thirty years ago, when the Transvaal and Orange Free State plains still swarmed with game, the Dutch Afrikaners did pretty well at the business, and the waggon, loaded up with skins of the blesbok, wildebeest, zebra, hartebeest, and springbok, rolled merrily down to Port Elizabeth. Every farmer of the country then shot for skins. But, having cleared their own country of the magnificent fauna with which it teemed, the average Boer has with a sigh relinquished the old hunting life, and only the poorer burghers trek beyond the Limpopo and follow the game. Hans Botha himself is a true nomad, thoroughly bitten with the life of the hunting veldt. His father was, in the good days, an elephant hunter before him, and he himself was born in the wilderness and will probably end his days there. He may go transport-riding for six months and make a little money with his waggon and oxen; but a few days in the crowded streets of Johannesburg are quite enough to send him once more to the veldt, with its freedom, and its solitude, where laws and commandos run not, and the voice of the taxgatherer is not heard.

Day is just breaking; a few pink streaks fleck the pallid eastern sky; the francolins are calling to one another amid the grass, just as their cousins, the partridges, call at home, but with sharper and shriller voices. Hans Botha stands over the fire drinking his morning coffee and munching a "cookie" of Boer meal. His stout vrouw sits near him upon a low waggon chair, stirring the embers and watching the kettle of coffee. From the fore-clap (curtain) of the

back waggon the faces—none too clean—of two or three small children peer forth. The Boer is a man of strong, loose-knit frame. His hair, eyes, and complexion are very swarthy—attributes which have descended to him from some Huguenot ancestor. His long, unkempt hair falls about his ears and neck. His vast beard has lost some of its true colour from incessant exposure to the sun and is tanned to a kind of rusty black. His short cord jacket, and trousers of the same material, are frayed and torn from much contact with bush and thorns, and the stains of grease and blood, from much skinning of pelts, are very apparent. Hans finishes his coffee, picks up his Westley-Richards rifle—an excellent weapon—buckles a bandolier of cartridges round his waist, a single rusty spur on his left heel, and climbs to the saddle of the small, rough, but hardy-looking horse that his native servant has been holding for him. Now that he is in the saddle you may see that, like most of his fellows, he wears no socks or stockings; his ankles are bare; a pair of high-low *velschoens*, fashioned by himself from a piece of water-buck hide, serve him for footgear.

With a gruff, but kindly, salutation to the children and his wife, the Boer rides off into the veldt, jogging his horse's sides, and smoking vigorously from a big-bowled pipe. Close beside him walk two native "boys," who will assist in skinning and help to bring in the game. With the keen breeze of an African winter morning in his face, Hans moves steadily south-eastward in the direction of a river, now dry, save for a few pools of water here and there. The tall grass through which he passes is bleached to a pale yellow by the constant sun. The veldt here is fairly open; trees that in England we should call stunted grow thinly here and there, and patches of bush, mostly thorny, have to be ridden round. Presently, crossing a little rise, the course of the river, marked very plainly by tall palm-trees, may be seen two or three miles away upon the right front.

After an hour's steady marching, during which no other game has been sighted than a small buck or two, a jackal, and a family of wart-hogs, all of which the Dutchman suffers to go in peace, the hunter strikes the spoor he is in search of. The neat footprints, indented so plainly in the patch of smooth red sand there, are read like an open book. A European would make little of that spoor; but Hans Botha sees at a glance that a troop of *Zwart-wit-pens* (sable antelope; literally "black with white belly") has, after drinking at the river, passed that way but half an hour since. Already there is some improvement in the demeanour of the stolid Dutchman. His eyes brighten, his thews stiffen, his frame is altogether more alert. One of the natives now takes up the spoor and leads the way. Botha shoves a cartridge into a rifle, touches his horse with the spur to hint to him that game is afoot, and follows. Without a word the little procession moves on. The keen wind of daybreak is falling now, the sun grows visibly hotter, already the sweat begins to start from the three men.

After another half-hour the spoor leads them through thicker bush in the direction of a stony kopje, a litter of bare gigantic stones, lying there as if thrown upon the veldt by some race of Titans. From amid the hollows start up bush, euphorbia, and aloes.

They are very close upon the game now. The Boer dismounts, hands his horse to the spoorer, and creeps forward over the lower edge of the kopje. From behind a patch of bush he sees at length what he is in search of. Out there upon the open grass plain, stretching before him under the sun, in a blinding dazzle of pale yellow, is a troop of fourteen *Zwart-wit-pens*, perhaps the most magnificent of all the South African antelopes—great creatures, as big and heavy as a Highland stag. Their glossy-black and rufous-brown coats and great, curved, scimitar-shaped horns flash to the sunshine. Some are feeding; some resting; there, on a piece of open sand, are two rolling vigorously, their snow-white bellies gleaming with the motion. It is a wonderful picture of feral life, and even Hans Botha, though he has shot in his time many scores of these great antelopes, and is intent only upon flesh and hides, pauses for a few moments. You can tell the old bull easily by his jet-black upper coats, heavy neck, and

bigger horns; the young bulls and cows are much more rufous. One of the latter, by the way, is already suspicious, and has got her head up. Hans puts up his rifle, aims for the magnificent coal-black bull, standing there seventy yards away, broadside on, and pulls trigger. There is a loud "zwick"—as a Boer would say—as the heavy, solid bullet strikes home; the big bull falls to the shot, scrambles to his feet again, and lumbers heavily off. The rest of the troop is in wild commotion and tears across the big plain in a cloud of dust. Botha is quickly on his horse, shoves in the single spur, and gallops headlong in pursuit, loading as he goes. In 200 yards he sees with satisfaction that the big bull goes down again, this time for good. Now he swerves somewhat to the right, to cut off the rest of the antelopes, which are making for the line of bush forward. In ten minutes, after a rousing gallop, they are in the woodland again. Hans gets a chance at 150 yards, and, although the game is cantering, long practice and the incessant habit of judging distances enable him to hit the rearmost animal, a cow. She has a broken hind leg, but it is yet ten minutes before the Boer can get near enough to her to give her another shot and then finish her with a third bullet. Leaving the dead cow in the grass, once more Botha gallops in pursuit. He has a stern chase, but the antelopes are tiring now. They have scattered somewhat, and the hunter at length, in a wide clearing of the open forest, comes suddenly upon three of the game, two cows and a young bull, standing again. In an instant he is off his horse, levels his rifle, and the bull falls. The Dutchman walks up. The poor buck's spine is injured; but, though disabled, he can use his horns, and a sable antelope is a dangerous beast to approach at close quarters. Once more the rifle sounds, and at the report the stricken beast kicks thrice convulsively and stretches himself, dead. The Boer knee-halters his pony, takes off his coat, and, with the sweat streaming from him, sets to work to skin his prize. He has done a good morning's business, and is well satisfied. The three skins will bring him five and twenty shillings, and the heads, which a few years ago he used to throw away, he can certainly sell for a sovereign in Johannesburg to those idiotic Englishmen. The meat will most of it be salted, sun-dried, and turned into "biltong," another marketable commodity. And so perishes the game of South Africa!

H. A. BRYDEN.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

ONE of the leading economists and most competent observers in the United States writes to me that he will be glad to be put on record as predicting that this will be the last effort and final failure of the Silver craze. He writes from Massachusetts, where the party of sound money, like everything else that is conservative and genuinely American, is strong. Another friend, also a good observer and an experienced politician of the Democratic party, says that if the contest were to come to-morrow the issue might be doubtful, but he has no doubt that sound money will win in November. I wish I could share the confidence of my correspondents. I have very great faith in the fundamental good sense of the American people, and in their faculty of putting on the brakes when they find themselves approaching the abyss. After the War I found myself in a large dinner-party in England the only man at the table who believed that the Americans would pay their debt in gold. I have lived not only in the great cities of the United States, but in the country, and I know what the thews and sinews of the political character are. But the pitcher may go once too often to the well.

Free-Silverism has risen out of the grave of Greenbackism, and, like Greenbackism, it means repudiation. Greenbackism was defeated, not without a sharp struggle; but the circumstances then were, in some respects at all events, less dangerous than they are now. The decision then rested, in fact, with the Eastern States, or with comparatively settled and conservative States of the West. Patriotism, fired by the War, reigned paramount over all sectional feeling. There were not so many wild Western States, which

are the main seat of the present movement. The Republican party is responsible for bringing into the Union as States a number of Territories, such as Nevada, Idaho, and Wyoming, not duly qualified for Statehood, for the sake of their representation in the Senate. The South, moreover, was then practically out of the question. It will now add to the forces of the Silver party and repudiation. We can hardly deem it unnatural that the South should be willing to relieve itself, by any available means, of the burden of a public debt and of a Pension List of a hundred and sixty millions of dollars a year, contracted in its subjugation.

However, besides these sectional elements, there are the universal elements of indebtedness, agricultural depression, commercial disturbance, lack of employment, and general unrest. Socialistic tendencies, though not native to the United States, have found their way to them from Europe by immigration or contagion, and have now infected a certain portion of the people. It is this social and industrial insurrection, using Free Silver as its watchword and banner, which seems to me the most formidable part of the affair. Hitherto Socialistic movements, with violent and abnormal movements in general, have been gathered into small side-organizations which, at most, might incline the balance between the two great parties. But, now they have collectively got into their hands the organization of one of the two great historic parties, and that of which the name is the most popular, there can be no doubt as to the generally Socialistic tendency of the platform. The candidate is well chosen for the purpose of carrying the Socialistic standard. He is just the sort of man to fascinate unrest and discontent. The struggle between the East and the West will be severe and dangerous; but the struggle between the "haves" and the "have-nots" is likely to be more severe and dangerous still. Government by the people is about to undergo a crucial trial.

For the antagonism between the East and the West, the jealousy felt by the West of Eastern wealth, and the inclination of the Western men to deal a blow at New York, Protectionism is largely to blame. Protectionism has sacrificed the interests of the West to those of the Eastern manufacturer. To keep down the surplus and stave off a reduction of the tariff, it has squandered the public money in various ways, and especially in the infamous Pensions Arrears Bill. It has thereby wrecked the revenue, and brought on this financial crisis. It has, moreover, imbued the people with the notion that commercial and industrial welfare depend not on self-exertion but on legislation. It will be a heavy millstone round the neck of the party of sound money, property, and American liberty in the coming struggle; the more so as the candidate of that party is unhappily the representative of extreme Protection. The East has robbed the West with its tariff. The West is now going to rob the East, if it can, in its turn by repudiation under the form of debasement. Cobden is justified; but the last justification which he would have desired would have been one entailing disaster on the American Republic.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

SHERIDAN IN BARREL—ONCE AGAIN!*

I.

THE most curious thing in these substantial volumes is the credulous acceptance of a large number of letters, chiefly supposed to be Miss Linley's, which exhibit all the marks and tokens of fabrication. There is always a family likeness in the incidents with which such impostures are introduced. Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," discovered his papers in an old chest in a church at Bristol. Ireland had an "old gentleman" from whom he gradually and with difficulty extracted his documents. And now comes Mr. Fraser Rae with a large mass of family papers discovered in barrels! On the first description of the "find," in the "English Illustrated Magazine," we were gravely assured that when Drury Lane Theatre was burning, all Sheridan's papers were hurriedly heaped into barrels and conveyed to the various cellars in the neighbouring purlieus, where they remained almost to the present time. The absurdity of this legend was exposed in this

* Mr. Fraser Rae's recently published "Life of Sheridan."

journal, and also in the "Daily News." Mr. Fraser Rae finds it convenient to put it aside as "a myth," without seeing that such a detected imposture affects the credit of his wares. Further, there is a well-known letter of Miss Linley's—long ago printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and admitted to be a fabrication—the original of which, the biographer tells us, was "recently in his temporary custody." But he is careful not to tell how it came into his temporary custody, or that it had been introduced to the public in the magazine article before mentioned. For this would have compromised its fellows. Mr. McHenry, the late owner of the papers, Mr. Fraser Rae tells us, "refused to suffer the source to be indicated from whence they were taken." So, if all is darkness and suspicion, it is the biographer who is accountable.

Let us take one of these letters at random—a short one—and test it by a superficial examination, which the biographer has neglected to do. Moore mentions that Miss Linley fell ill on arriving at Lille and was attended by an English physician, Dr. Dolman. By an extraordinary piece of luck, a prescription of this gentleman's has been preserved. "Dear sir," it ran, "it will not be improper to give one of the papers in a glass of wine twice a day, morning and evening. Compliments and wishes of health to your lady. I remain, R. D., 15th April, 1772." It is addressed, "Monsieur Sheridan, Gentilhomme Anglais, à l'hôtel de Bourbon, Sur la grande Place." Now, here we have an English doctor who cannot spell the familiar name of Sheridan. *Hôtel de Bourbon* is not French at all, but *Hôtel Bourbon* is. Again, in a provincial town every one would know where the hotel was, and the direction would run, "*Hôtel Bourbon, Grande Place*," not "*sur la Grande Place*." These are trifles, but all betray the fiction. But what will be said when we find that at the very moment this was written the lady was actually under the doctor's own roof! This can be shown by two letters, one of Sheridan's own, oddly enough dated the same day as the prescription, the other from one of his family. From these it appears that Miss Linley first went to a convent, but that her illness was so serious that the doctor and his wife received her into their house so as to take better care of her. Sheridan in his letter says "she is recovered, and about to fix herself at the convent." But she never left this house, and she was found there by her father; so that at this moment the doctor was sending drugs to Sheridan for a patient who was under his own roof! Obviously the prescription was fabricated on the basis of the allusion to the doctor and his wife given in Moore's Life. How probable, too, that the careless Brinsley would have treasured up this precious prescription, bringing it over to Bath, then on to London, and finally to his theatre!

Another evidence of fabrication. There are love-letters of Miss Linley's, long and numerous—one is of inordinate length—which contain a few specimens of bad spelling, such as "bright Hevns," "milener," "no joak," "cords" for "cards," "auguer" for "arguer," "froze," "suspiscions," and "half-nacked." These are all. Mr. Fraser Rae later in his work apologizes for the lady, saying that her early education had been neglected. This was not the case. She was an elegant, accomplished woman. But the miracle is that in the thousands of words written by her in these letters—one alone contains nearly 4,000 words—many of a kind most difficult to spell, and where she was sure to "come to grief," she makes no other mistakes! Now, that an utterly ignorant person should perform this feat, and yet talk of being "half-nacked," is really too astonishing. But let us take the vulgar effusion in which this "half-nacked" is intruded. After meeting Mr. Sheridan one night at a party, Miss Linley is supposed to write to him: "Only think of this bright Hevns. . . . Upon my knees, half-nacked, once more I am going to tire you with my nonsense. . . . Twelve o'clock . . . why did you run away so soon to-night? I gave up my cords the moment you left: my sister is very impatient that I don't come into bed, but I feel more happiness in this situation, tho' I am half froze, than in the warmest bed in England." My "cords" indeed! The "made-up" character of this stuff is evident. She was on her knees writing; yet we find melodramatic dots ". . ." which are supposed to express an interval

or interruption, for we have "twelve o'clock," &c. And all the time her sister is waiting in bed! These constant blanks are explained by the writer of the magazine article, who had the letters before him, as "being rendered illegible by the lapse of time."

But we can follow clearly enough the way in which these letters have been manufactured. In most accounts of Sheridan's life we find certain verses which he addressed to his mistress on "a grotto of moss-covered stone." Here he was "Horatio," and she "Delia." Accordingly, in one of the letters we have the passage, "I will call you Horatio—that is the name you gave yourself in that sweet poem." Who could know this better than the author? Why should Miss Linley offer him this superfluous reminder? But it is in the substance, style, and tone that we see the spurious character of these papers. No one with anything of the true critical instinct could be taken in by them a moment. We have only to set one of them beside a genuine letter of Miss Linley's, to be immediately struck by the calm, quiet, composed tone of the latter, the air of good sense and good feeling.

The interesting Grenville-Sheridan letters supplied by the biographer throw further light on the falsification. Sheridan's letters are full of tender affection and constancy; yet in the spurious letters we find the lady in a perfect fury, insisting on her letters being returned, abusing him "like a fish-wife." "Think not I am to be terrified by your threats. I know by what means my letters were made public. When I found you no longer the man my fond imagination had painted you, when I found myself spoken of with contempt, laughed at, made the sport of your idle hours, and the subject of your wit with every milener's apprentice in Bath . . . the remorse and horror which I feel would not permit me to marry one," &c. And she adds, "I conjure you to leave me in peace—to cease persecuting me." Mr. Fraser Rae takes no notice of the fact that his hero is thus exhibited as a blackguard, threatening, ridiculing his mistress, and publishing her letters; while the lady shows shrewish gifts that would do credit to Billingsgate. Moore states that there had been a serious quarrel between the lovers, and the fabricator evidently worked upon this hint. She goes on to boast of her conquests, and the great "matches" she might have made but for him. "Know, then, that before I left Bath, after I had refused Sir T—C— [Sir Thomas Clarges] and two other gentlemen of fortune on your account. . . ." How unlikely that the refined Linley would remind her lover of such things, or, still less, tell him such a falsehood! The fact was that she had not refused the Baronet. Moore mentioned him as one of those who were named in the Bath papers as "invented admirers" who were seeking her hand, and Sheridan, as we find from these Grenville letters, had noted the report with great uneasiness. His friend met this Baronet at Oxford, and at Sheridan's request asked him about the matter, when he showed the utmost astonishment, declaring that there was not the least ground for the rumour. Thus confronted by one of his own witnesses, Mr. Fraser Rae can only say he was telling a falsehood! In another of these letters, at a later period, we have: "I see Mrs. Siddons is announced. Have you brought her to reasonable terms? Or is it enormous? I want to know, too, why 'Cymon' is withdrawn, and how have you managed with the Duke of B—d about the Opera?" (why suppress the Duke's name?) "Have you seen anything about Dr. Parr?" Here, again, it is easy to trace the process of fabrication. The writer evidently looked into Geneste's useful chronicle of the stage, and saw that "Cymon" was put down for a single night only, so he naturally concluded it had been withdrawn. But lower down Geneste says that it had a great success, and was acted continuously for thirty or forty nights! We are told that Mrs. Sheridan took a great part in the administration of the theatre, and actually "kept the books," read plays, and so on; yet here she is at Isleworth, not an hour's distance from town, knowing nothing of what was going on, and asking about Mrs. Siddons! Another proof of this "faking up" is the question about the Duke of Bedford and the opera. There was nothing to be done with the Duke or opera; for the Drury Lane company were at that time playing

at the Opera House in the Haymarket. Then we have a letter from the Prince of Wales to Mrs. Sheridan, dated 12 October, 1781, to say that he will call on her to-morrow soon after nine o'clock to explain his apparent indifference. "He is sorry that it could be supposed he meant to treat her ill," &c. This is supposed to have been written from Windsor. Mrs. Sheridan must have been in London, or at Putney or Hampton. In any case the Prince would have to be up with the lark, say at five or six, to keep his appointment. How likely, too, that such a trifle as "apparent indifference" would affect him at all!

THE FETISH OF FREE-TRADE.*

THERE is a great deal of luck about the writing of books, as about everything else. We say this in no disparagement of Mr. Ernest Edwin Williams, whose book, "Made in Germany," deserves all the public attention which it has received. The facts set forth are of the highest importance to the nation; they are arranged with lucidity and precision; the conclusions drawn from them are sound, and indeed irresistible; and throughout the hundred and seventy-five pages of which this unpretentious volume is composed the style is earnest, without being didactic, and, though always animated, is never inaccurate or exaggerated. The book is eminently practical in tone and purpose. Sensible advice—the most difficult thing in the world to give without offence—is administered to the British manufacturer with rare tact. Mr. Williams drives nail after nail into the coffin of Free-trade without indecent chuckling, and reaches the mind of his reader by conviction rather than by clamour. Yet, when we have said all this, we are bound to add that everything Mr. Williams tells us we have been told before. Mr. Williams has but collected, skilfully and industriously, information that has been published piecemeal for many years past. It is true that the birch-rod produces more effect than the switches of which it is composed. But Mr. Williams has not even been the first to bind these switches together. Mr. James Lowther, and Mr. Brookfield, and Lord Masham have been preaching his sermon up and down the country for a long time, and in the various publications of the Fair-Trade League we have seen something very like "Made in Germany." Mr. Williams, however, has had the cleverness to hit upon a telling title, and—this is where the luck comes in—he published at a moment when the Emperor of Germany had succeeded in exciting all the latent prejudice of Englishmen against a trade rival.

It was, indeed, high time that some one attacked, boldly and resolutely, and with the necessary equipment of facts, the fetish of Free-trade. The abolition of the Corn-laws and the introduction of the system of Free Imports constitute quite the most remarkable transaction in modern history. In the first place, the question was never really argued, either in Parliament or out of doors. In his speeches on the Corn-law Mr. Disraeli complained bitterly that no agricultural statistics, as to the productive capacity of Great Britain or the effect of free importation, had been laid on the table of the House of Commons. The elaborate tables now published yearly by the Board of Trade and the Board of Agriculture were unknown at the time when Sir Robert Peel, with the assistance of the Whigs and Radicals, revolutionized our tariff system. In the second place, as Mr. Lecky points out, in the whole history of political imposture there is no more striking instance of success than the way in which the manufacturers managed to persuade the public that their agitation was a national and unselfish one, and that they had always been on the side of a liberal and unrestrictive policy. As a matter of fact, there is not a manufacture in Great Britain that has not been defended in the narrowest spirit of the most brutal and selfish monopoly. Burke lost his seat at Bristol for advocating a very moderate measure of Free-trade. The abolition of the Corn-duties was a mere conspiracy on the part of the commercial class to lower the wages of their operatives at the expense of the landlords. In their greed for a

thousand per cent., and in their hatred of a class of which they were socially jealous, the manufacturers did not stop to inquire whether the ruin of the landlord did not ultimately mean the ruin of the farmer and the labourer. But even Peel and Cobden, with the assistance of the new voters of the Black Country, could not have broken down Protection without the powerful co-operation of circumstances. Half a century ago England really did enjoy industrial supremacy. We banked and manufactured and carried for the whole world. At such a moment the theory of free imports wore a very plausible appearance. We knew that other nations must come to us for our manufactures; we on our side were rather short of corn, for the time. Opening our ports meant admitting corn, not manufactures. The fatal blunder lay in imagining that this state of things would continue. In the fifty years that have intervened between 1846 and 1896, foreign nations have borrowed our money to make their railways and telegraphs, they have copied our processes of manufacture, and they have built their mercantile fleets, until London has ceased to be the bank of the world, until there is not a market where foreigners do not run us neck and neck, and until by means of subsidies the carrying trade is rapidly passing from British to foreign bottoms. The British manufacturer now sees himself hoist with his own petard. Adversity has softened his heart. He is now beginning to see that what was sauce for the landlord is sauce for him, and that after all there was a great deal of truth in what Disraeli and Bentinck said when they defended agriculture against the great treason of Sir Robert Peel.

It is indeed time that some one should say the word which most men are thinking. It is indeed time that something should be written on our fiscal policy. For it is an extraordinary proof of the sleepiness of the British mind, and its great unwillingness to unlearn the lessons of its youth, that no standard work on the subject of Political Economy has appeared since that of John Stuart Mill. The old doctrine of the balance of trade, for instance, still flourishes in our text-books. That doctrine of course is that our exports pay for our imports, and that any excess of the latter represents the profits of our traders. There are three root fallacies involved in this theory, which are thus expressed by Adam Smith and Mill:—"Upon equal or only nearly equal profits, every individual naturally inclines to employ his capital in the manner in which it is likely to afford the greatest support to domestic industry, and to give revenue and employment to the greatest number of people of his own country" ("Wealth of Nations"). A century ago, when the foreign trade was attended with considerable risk from the state of war in which we lived, this was no doubt true. That it is no longer true, and that a large class of traders have grown up in this country (many of them foreigners by birth or origin), whose sole business is the importation of foreign goods, is perfectly well known to every one. Here is the second fallacy. "The annual revenue of every society," says Adam Smith, "is always precisely equal to the exchangeable value of the whole annual produce of its industry, or rather is precisely the same thing with that exchangeable value"; or, as Stuart Mill puts it more shortly, "the imported commodity is always paid for, directly or indirectly, with the produce of our own industry." Seeing that in 1895 the value of our imports exceeded the value of our exports by £190,000,000, while between 1872 and 1892 the value of our exports had fallen from £256,257,347 to £226,169,174, or from £8 1s. per head to £5 11s. 3d. per head, this fallacy is pretty well knocked on the head. Mr. Williams tells us that in '65 the average price of cotton piece goods was 5'05d. per yard, and in '94 it was 2d. Printed linens have declined from 9'21d. per yard in '65 to 5'37d. in '94; and galvanized iron has receded from £25'04 per ton in '65 to £11'49 in '94. The third great fallacy, which underlay the policy of free imports, is thus formulated by Mill:—"The cost of carriage is a natural protecting duty, which Free-trade has no power to abrogate." We commented some weeks ago upon a very remarkable speech made by the Duke of Bedford, in which his Grace, who may be regarded as the depository of the Whig tradition, declared

* "Made in Germany." By Ernest Edwin Williams. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

that it was this expectation which induced the Whigs to adopt Free-trade. Lord John Russell thought that freights would always operate as a protection to British agriculture. In the days of sailing-vessels the calculation was not wholly foolish. But steam, security, and competition have so altered the carrying trade that grain is often carried for nothing as ballast, while in many cases it costs less to send a consignment from New York to Liverpool than from Liverpool to London. The Duke of Bedford, who is candour itself, expressly admitted that the cost of carriage had altogether failed to operate as "a natural protecting duty" for the benefit of home produce. To sum up, all the arguments on which the policy of free imports was based have been destroyed by the events of the last fifty years. Unless we wish ourselves to be destroyed for the sake of a theory, we must rewrite our political economy and revise our tariff. Mr. Midshipman Easy consoled himself for being mastheaded by the reflection that he had the best of the argument with the Captain. How long will our manufacturers and farmers console themselves for being ruined by reading the triumphant arguments of Sir Robert Giffen and Lord Farrer?

A book like "Made in Germany" must do much to awaken the public to the grave peril to which our national industries are exposed by foreign competition. We cannot reproduce here the figures and calculations of Mr. Williams; his book must be read. One instance we will give of what he calls "the wrecking" that has gone on in the Black Country. "Between 1796 and 1871 the number of South Staffordshire's blast furnaces increased from 14 to 163. In the latter year she attained her zenith. Her decline since then has been practically continuous; till in June '95 the number of furnaces in blast stood at 191. . . . The net fall is tremendous; the total output of iron in '71 being 725,716 tons, whilst in '94 it was only 315,924 tons." We cannot, as we said, go into details, for which we refer our readers to Mr. Williams, as a witness who has been unshaken by the severest criticism. Broadly, the position is this. We admit imports from every nation in the world duty free. No other nation in the world admits imports from Great Britain duty free. The only articles which we tax in our tariff are those which we cannot produce at home, and therefore which do not compete with home products—French and Spanish wines and spirits, and tea, coffee, and cocoa, the latter almost entirely shipped from our own colonies of India and Ceylon. We have bound ourselves by treaties with Germany and Belgium to prevent by our Imperial power our own colonies from granting more favourable tariffs to ourselves than to Belgium and Germany. Nearly all foreign Governments, by means of subsidies and bounties on exports, help their own manufacturers to beat the British manufacturer, not only in neutral markets, but in his own home market. The carrying trade is literally being filched from British ships by bounties. Norway is one of the poorest countries in the world, yet the Norwegian Government has just granted a subsidy to a Norwegian line of steamers between Newcastle and Stavanger, which seriously threatens Messrs. Wilson's line of steamers between Hull and Gothenburg. Messrs. Wilson, with no hope of success, probably, ask the British Government, the richest in the world, for a corresponding subsidy to keep their ships afloat. Of course the request is refused, and immediately an angry correspondence bursts forth in the papers. How selfish of the Messrs. Wilson! How impudent! Why should we help them to earn a living? &c. Well, but the Norwegian Government see a very good reason why they should help their steamers to take the trade away from ours. And so it is with one British industry after another—silk, sugar, iron and steel, leather, stationery, toys. We have lost many markets, as Mr. Williams points out, by our own stupid conservatism. But we have lost many more owing to the action of foreign Governments, which, if we are to be saved, must be counteracted by the action of our own Government. The only really protected class in this country are the *rentiers*, or drones, who live on the interest of capital. How long will it be before we learn that the workers are equally, or even more, entitled to protection?

VITTORE PISANO.

AMONG the paintings which have more recently been added to the National Gallery is a little picture of the Vision of St. Eustace, by an Italian master, whose character as a painter had at one time been so far overlooked and forgotten, that this work of his, first emerging from the recesses of some private collection, was shown a few years ago at one of the winter exhibitions as a work by Albrecht Dürer. In its minute and precise observation of nature, it alone resembles the work of a tramontane; in the consummate mastery with which this scrupulous manner is employed without detriment to the breadth of the picture, it alone recalls the art of Dürer. To-day, it is difficult to understand how any critic of real discernment came seriously to have attributed it to the painter of Nuremburg. To an extraordinary master, an extraordinary production, no doubt; but in all comparable traits how unlike! Not even contemporaries, Vittore Pisano, the author of this painting, had been dust and ashes twenty years before Dürer came into the world. Pisano, or, as he is commonly called, Pisanello, had been born at Verona about the year 1380, and had spent the chief part of his life wandering through Italy, going from court to court, striking those medals of bronze for which he has always been remembered. From Venice he had come to Rome, and so to Ferrara, Rimini, Milan, and Mantua; arriving at length in Naples, and dying, as it would seem, a few years afterwards, in 1451, in the Eternal City.

At the beginning of the present century the art of Vittore Pisano, as a painter, was thought to have been preserved only in a single work, which at that time was in the collection of the Costabili family at Ferrara, and which, after passing through various hands, now hangs in the National Gallery beside the painting of the Vision of St. Eustace. This picture of the Virgin and Child appearing in a nebulous glory of light to St. Anthony the Abbot and St. George in a suit of silver armour, bears the signature of the painter, PISANVS P[ISANI], fantastically traced by the herbage upon the foreground. The greater number of Pisanello's works bear his signature; his medals are commonly signed OPVS PISANI PICTORIS, by which it would seem that he regarded himself chiefly as a painter; yet few of his paintings have come down to us, and all of them are small pieces. His hand has been recognized in a portrait of Leonello d'Este, now in the Morelli collection at Bergamo; in the profile of a lady, in the Louvre; and perhaps in another little panel. Even in the sixteenth century the paintings of Pisanello were so rare, that Vasari could only point to three places where examples might be seen—in the basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome, and in the churches of Sant' Anastasia and San Fermo Maggiore at Verona. The frescoes which Pisanello painted with Gentile da Fabriano in St. John Lateran, like those which, according to Bartolommeo Facio, he painted in the Doge's Palace at Venice, and in the palace at Mantua, have long since perished; and at Verona alone is Pisanello as a fresco painter now to be studied.

The Annunciation which Vasari describes as having been painted by Pisanello in the church of San Fermo Maggiore still remains, forming part of the Brenzoni monument, "above the Resurrection of our Lord cut in relief," by a Florentine sculptor. An early work, which formerly bore his signature, this fresco recalls Pisanello the master of Stefano da Zevio, painter of trellised rose-gardens and peacocks, rather than Pisanello the medallist. The figures of the Virgin and the Archangel, adds Vasari, "touched with gold, according to the usage of that time, are most beautiful; and, also, there are certain great houses admirably well drawn, and some small animals and birds scattered through the work, as like nature and as living as it is possible to imagine." This love of animals is one of the most distinguishing traits of Pisanello and of his immediate scholars: "in pingendis equis cæterisque animalibus," says his contemporary, Bartolommeo Facio, "cæteros antecessit"; and there is scarcely a piece of his in which horses or dogs or birds do not occur.

To-day, the lover of Pisanello will search vainly in the church of Sant' Anastasia, at Verona, for the figure of St. Eustace caressing a dog, or for that other one of

St. George in silver armour, putting back his sword into its scabbard after he had slain the dragon, which Vasari saw there, in the chapel of the Pellegrini, and of which Michele Sanmichele, the architect, used to say that few better things were to be found. But who will, may yet see, high above the arch of the chapel, on the wall of the transept, the painting which his biographer minutely describes, of "St. George after he had killed the dragon, freeing the king's daughter, who is seen standing near the saint in a long robe, according to the fashion of those times." This picture, of "little entire figures," appears at that height in contrast with the larger and more obvious works of the later Veronese masters which surround it, like the work of some exquisite and delicate miniaturist, bent only upon elaborating his own lovely fancies and conceptions above the common gaze, and beyond the wanton hand of accident. In the keen bright light of a winter's morning, the figure of the king's daughter may be seen, as Vasari describes her, splendidly attired, "con una veste lunga, secondo l'uso di que' tempi." His was, indeed, an age of fashion, which has left the impress of its sumptuous and fantastic gaieties upon the solemn art of the time, not only here in Verona, but in Tuscany also, and throughout Italy. In one exquisite drawing, by Pisanello, is a figure of a lady habited, like this figure of the king's daughter, in a long robe, curiously eyed with embroideries, which trails over the ground with all the curves and motions of a peacock's tail. This, however, is but one instance out of many; but to return to the fresco. Somewhat to the left of the king's daughter, St. George, facing the populace, is seen in the act of mounting his horse: "with one foot," we may still say with Vasari, "in the stirrup, and the left hand on the saddle. The saint is seen as if in the act of leaping on to the horse, which has the crupper turned towards the people, and which, though foreshortened in a very small space, is entirely seen, and admirably well done." But the real subject of this fresco of St. George, as of the little panel of St. Eustace in the National Gallery, is not the ostensible one of the legend of the saint, but the realization of the natural scene by which the painter seeks to represent that legend; of the knight, the lady, the people, the horses, the hounds, and what not. We can say of him, as Leonardo da Vinci says of Masaccio, that finding all the painters of his time bent only upon imitating "the pictures that were already done," he "showed by his perfect works how those who take for their standard any one but Nature, the Mistress of all Masters, weary themselves in vain." A northern Masaccio! who, like Masaccio himself, influenced by the sculptors contemporaneous with him, seeks to effect in the more complex art of painting what had been accomplished by them in the art of sculpture: who seems to say with Ghiberti, "I have always followed my art with great study and discipline, and have ever, since the days of my first studies, sought to find out in what manner Nature proceeds in it, and in what manner I might be able to approach her." He is, however, no mere realist seeking to transcribe indifferently the outward world as he finds it; but he is profoundly concerned with the characters of human nature, and he presents them always with dignity, always with a sense of their significance or their beauty. The crowd of heads, in the fresco of St. George at Verona, recalls a page out of Boccaccio or out of Chaucer; portraits of the eternal types of men, rather than of individual persons: yet Pisanello never degenerates into mere allegory, never makes an empty symbol stand for the living creature.

It is not only on account of what he accomplishes in art that Pisanello is great, but also on account of the influence which he had on his contemporaries. Before his time, it has been observed, Venetian painting was in a weak and faltering state; and he shares with Gentile da Fabriano the honour of having planted the art in Venice; but Morelli has already pointed out that Pisanello is incomparably the greater artist. Travelling from city to city, and working for the great princes of his time, his influence is felt throughout the length and breadth of Italy. Without his influence, it is impossible to account for the appearance of two of the greatest Italian artists working during

the middle of the fifteenth century, Paolo Uccello the Florentine, and Piero della Francesca, the Umbrian. Uccello was probably his immediate scholar, Piero della Francesca receiving the influence of the master through the scholar. And so Pisanello becomes the father of a great artistic descent—august, patriarchal. Like him, his immediate disciples are profoundly concerned with the problem of approaching Nature in Art; of representing natural forms, perhaps, rather than motions and emotions. In this way they come to occupy themselves with the then new Art of Perspective. Piero della Francesca leaves a vast treatise on the science, and Paolo Uccello wastes, as we are apt to think with Vasari, not a little of his time on its problems. For us it is difficult to appreciate how much of the art of these men—for both were incomparable artists—how much of their accomplishment in Art depends upon their accomplishment in Science. For them, working in the age in which they worked, the dry terms of Science become a living language, which allows them to express all that is finest and most intimate in their natures. What this mere science of painting signified to them we may, perhaps, never wholly understand: Vasari tells the story how Paolo Uccello would sit up during the long winter's nights elaborating his problems, and how, when his wife called to him to come to bed, he would only exclaim, "Oh, this delightful perspective!"

MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY was plentiful at the beginning of the week, demands being very scarce. Three-month Bank bills were discounted at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., although on Wednesday several transactions were recorded at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The price of silver remained unchanged at $31\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz. in London, but fluctuated considerably in New York. Consols were steady throughout the week. There was no change in Indian sterling issues, but the new Currency Loan had the effect of causing an advance in Rupee-paper of $\frac{1}{2}$ to $64\frac{1}{2}$.

The great heat during the early part of the week had the natural result of almost bringing business, in most departments of the Stock Exchange, to a standstill; and although there was a slight increase of activity on Thursday, the attendance of members is likely to be limited till after the holidays. The Foreign Market was dull at the beginning of the week, but was firmer on Thursday, Spanish and Italian being each harder. The decline in the price of copper was checked on Wednesday, and Tintos, which had suffered a continued drop, gained slightly, and closed at $23\frac{1}{2}$.

The meaning of the difficulty which has cropped up between the New Zealand Government and the Bank of New Zealand is that State Socialism demands the right to inspect private accounts in a semi-private concern. Mr. Seddon, as Premier and Treasurer of the Colony, has secured the infliction of a fine of £500 on Mr. Watson, the President of the Bank, for refusing to divulge information concerning affairs which ought to be as sacred in the hands of a banker as one would expect them to be in the hands of a lawyer or a doctor. That Mr. Watson is right it is not difficult to believe, though any very emphatic expression of opinion on the strength of cable messages would be unwise. The Bank of New Zealand owes much to Mr. Seddon's Government for stepping forward at a time when it was embarrassed and saving it from collapse. Ever since that time, however, fears have been rife that the ultra-Radical Ministers were seeking to obtain information from the Bank with regard to private transactions, which the Opposition were not anxious they should possess. Months ago Ministers threatened certain revelations which implied that they had acquired this information. Their hands are not as immaculately white as they might be. They left the financial honour of the colony in the keeping of Mr. J. G. Ward, who has recently given up public life in dire disgrace; and, even if they are perfectly honest, Mr. Seddon and his colleagues are rabid partisans. It is not to such men that the right to overhaul banking accounts in detail can safely be given.

Home rails were strong till Thursday, but the disappointing dividend of the South-Western depressed the market considerably. This dividend was about $\frac{1}{4}$ below the estimate of market operators, the distribution being at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum with £18,485 forward and £10,000 placed to reserve, as against $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the corresponding half of last year and £15,510 forward. A dividend of $5\frac{1}{2}$ or even 6 per cent. was expected. The Chatham dividend of £2 5s. brought the distribution on the First Preference up to the full rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. with £2,224 forward, as against £1 8s. for the corresponding half of last year with a carry-forward of £1,580. This was satisfactory, although there was some dissatisfaction among those who had expected a dividend on the Second Preference.

There was a slump in New York at the close on Thursday, owing to a report that Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate, had secured endorsement by the Populists; the feeling, however, was better, and the tendency was much more regular. A meeting was held on Wednesday, at the offices of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., which was attended by the principal bankers and representatives of exchange houses, to discuss the important question of the control of the Exchange Market, with the result that a committee was appointed to take steps to diminish gold shipments. A large pool will, in all probability, be formed to supply bills, pending the arrival of cotton bills. The banks have deposited over 14,000,000 dollars of gold in the Treasury; the reserve being thus, practically, restored to above the statutory hundred millions.

The Cycle Market has been irregular, transactions being, however, fairly numerous and the general tone healthy. Coventry Cross cycles enjoyed steadily rising prices and tubes were very active on Thursday, especially Roses, which were dealt in for the special settlement which commenced on the following day. We understand that there will be a settlement of Dunlops in August after the flotation of the French company, which has been postponed to about 8 August in order that certain further contracts with important manufacturers may be entered into. The Humber Cycle Company's business will be carried on for the time being at the mills of the Great Horseless Carriage Company until the works of the former are rebuilt.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE BURMA RAILWAYS COMPANY, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed, under the auspices of Messrs. Rothschild, for the purposes of working, managing, and maintaining for the Secretary of State the existing metre-gauge system of railways in Burma, and of constructing further lines with the Government's sanction. There are already 834 miles of railway, on the working of which during the last fourteen years there has been a profit equivalent to an average dividend of about 4 per cent. The capital of the Company is £2,000,000, in £10 shares; $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. being guaranteed by the Government, which takes four-fifths of the surplus net earnings, and can buy back the railway after twenty-five years, or at the end of any subsequent tenth year, by redeeming the share capital at par, and taking over the debentures and other liabilities. The estimate of the net earnings of the current financial year amounts to 32 lakhs, which is sufficient to pay $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Government capital, which will not exceed 800 lakhs, and on the £2,000,000 of the capital. When we look at these figures, and consider the fact that Burma is being rapidly developed in every direction, we can see no reason why this should not prove an excellent investment.

CAWDERY'S PATENT SWITCHBACK STEEPLECHASE, LIMITED.

This Company is formed, with a capital of £60,000, to purchase an invention which might possibly be worked with profit for twelve months. The cars of the ordinary switchback are replaced by life-sized horses,

which can be controlled to a certain extent by the riders. For this glorified form of *petits chevaux* the vendors are asking the modest sum of £40,000, half in cash and half in fully paid-up shares. In our opinion this price is exorbitant, and we should advise investors to think more than twice before forwarding their shillings to 23 Coleman Street.

GREAT BOULDER JUNCTION REEFS, LIMITED.

The properties to be acquired by this Company are situate at Hannan's in the East Coolgardie district, and have been well reported on. There is a plentiful supply of water from the shafts upon the property. Out of a capital of £175,000 in £1 shares, 160,000 of which constitute the present issue, 40,000 have been set aside for working capital. 100,000 shares are now offered for subscription at par.

THE LAZERGES PNEUMATIC TYRE AND SELF-HEALING INNER TUBE COMPANY, LIMITED.

An advance prospectus of this Company has been sent out in the usual open envelope, together with the following letter, headed "The Cycle Industries Corporation, Limited," and dated from the temporary offices, 23 Coleman Street, E.C., 21 July, 1896:—

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed I have pleasure in handing you an advance Prospectus of the "Lazerges Pneumatic Tyre and Self-Healing Inner Tube Company, Ltd.," from which it will be seen that the Preference Shares are to be issued at a premium of 2s. 6d. per share.

Being interested in the promotion of this Company, we are enabled to offer you these Preference Shares at par, if applied for on or before the 25th inst.

In order to secure an allotment, we shall be glad if you will notify us by return of post the number of shares you wish secured.—Awaiting your reply, yours faithfully (for the Cycle Industries Corporation, Ltd.),

H. A. BARROW, Secretary.

It seems incredible that there are people foolish enough to be taken in by such an obvious trick as this, and it would be interesting to know whether any shares in this Company are applied for, as such an application would argue a degree of gullibility which we hardly dare contemplate. The prospectus itself is of the flimsiest. It is padded with a table of the prices of shares in "similar companies," culled from the "Cyclist" of July 15, and with a paragraph headed "Concession to Shareholders," in which it is stated that the directors have decided to present to each holder of ten or more shares a pair of self-healing inner tubes. In spite of the attractive illustration of the Lazerges tyre with the self-healing inner tube pierced with knives and cork-screws, and the testimonials of Mr. Henry Foster of Bermondsey, and other equally well-recognised authorities, we are forced to condemn the concern as thoroughly unsound.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OBJECT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

RUGBY, 13 July, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that people are making merry at the Government for passing so few Bills. This Government, as I take it, was returned to put an end to the agitation for Home Rule. This it has effectually done, so much so that the Home Rule party has already split into many parts. Even if no more is done, I do not see why we need grumble. Any other business is a kind of extra.

Still, a very welcome extra would be a large increase of both army and navy. Is it too late to hope for this even now? Compared with national safety, all else is of small importance.—Yours faithfully,

W. H. D. ROUSE.

[We insert this letter, as Mr. Rouse does put a case for the Government which should not be overlooked. But a Government should prevent bad Bills passing by passing good Bills—not by doing nothing.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE NEW LEARNING AND ITS MINOR PROPHETS.

"Paradoxes." By Max Nordau. Translated by J. R. McIlraith, M.A. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

"Thus spake Zarathustra." By Frederick Nietzsche. Translated by Alexander Tille, Ph.D. London: Henry & Co. 1896.

IT is rare that two such men as Nordau and Nietzsche have the luck to be so interesting as their circumstances make this pair. They are both essentially commonplace persons, or rather they polarize the commonplace. Nordau—to handle him with the familiar frankness of his own criticisms—is unimaginative, self-assertive, overbearing, profoundly convinced of his own extraordinary reasonableness—a type of man you may find fisting the table in the bar parlour of any English country public of a winter's evening; while Nietzsche is a non-Teutonic type, a flighty conceited creature, bitten by the Great Teacher mania, until at last he has actually attained the martyrdom of the madhouse. He is own brother indeed to Ola Hansson and to many another frantic street-corner preacher. Few things in seriously intended literature could be more—the only adjective is "thick-headed"—than Nordau's "criticism" of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," and few insaner than Zarathustra's roundelay in "Thus spake Zarathustra"—the kind of thing it is that comes floating over the Banstead walls to the casual pedestrian on the Downs. On the one hand, we have an exceptional mental dulness; on the other, an utter want of mental discipline, and the curious thing linking them is that their inspiration is the same. In Darwinism they live and move and have their being. All that is more than vague self-conceit and obstinate self-assertion—the common phenomena of the professed Great Teachers since the beginning of things—all that they have new, is the mental reaction to that great mass of knowledge concerning the place of life in the scheme of things, and concerning the processes of life, that has arisen during the last four decades. All educated people have reacted to that, and most of the half-educated; everybody, in fact, except the totally illiterate, and those whom scholastic and university pedants have, with infinite labour, rendered perfectly idea-proof. And here are no leaders, but excellent types, resonators picking out the extreme notes in the tumult accepted Darwinism arouses; Nordau the deep bray, Nietzsche the shrill shriek—both men undoubtedly honest in their contrasting ways. The very lack of subtlety of thought, of complexity of mind and motive, tells in favour of these books. It gives them the value of an experiment in psychical chemistry—test dippings in the new solvent.

Thirty years ago a man of Nordau's type would have been a kind of pewter Macaulay: there is the same irrelevant omniscience, the same heavy resolution to be light and interesting at all costs. But there is not Macaulay's wit. This is the kind of thing one wades through to come at Nordau, a flourish out of Mangnall's Questions:—"Have not the Pyramids been regarded as one of the wonders of the world?" he writes. "Have not the hanging gardens of Semiramis been also so regarded? Has not the Colossus of Rhodes likewise? And yet I know a wonder of the world greater than these, perhaps the cleverest and most marvellous production of the human intellect in any age—I mean, Pessimism. I refer, of course, to Pessimism properly so called—that Pessimism, namely, which is based upon scientific principles, and intended to be of universal application, and which always regards Nature, Humanity, and Life in general as from the point of view of the man who is in such a state of depression as might be caused by indulgence in, say, twenty-four good glasses of liquor." That is the beginning of "Paradoxes," and Semiramis and beer define pretty accurately Nordau's store of allusions.

Thirty years ago Nordau would probably have lumped together Tennyson and Darwin as degenerate types, and one can imagine the "trenchant criticism" he would have dealt out to the fools who would have us believe in the advent of æry navies and in the descent

of men from apes. He is the incarnation of the current knowledge, the sensual man marking time in the cause of the Advancement of Humanity, the pioneer of the popular magazine. He assumes the grand air with his readers, poses as a "scientist" with the best of them, but he has evidently read his biology and psychology out of popular manuals, and carelessly. He believes, for instance ("Paradoxes," p. 119), that the metazoa are regarded in the "new Darwinian biology" as colonial edifices of protozoa—being clearly ignorant of all the interesting thinking that has arisen out of the histology of Peripatus and the phenomena of protoplasmic continuity in vegetables and animals. And he also thinks ("Paradoxes," 123) that the consciously undertaken physical and mental activities of a parent may become automatic in its descendants. His psychology dates from the pre-Höfding days, and is based on the old division of the mind into three watertight compartments or faculties. He deals this out with immense complacency to those who are not "professional psychologists." "The Psycho-Physiology of Genius and Talent," a very pretty specimen of deliberately original thinking by an unoriginal man, is indeed based on that obsolete classification, so far, that is, as it is structural and based on anything. The true man of genius, says this worthy volunteer judge of the world, is constituted by an abnormal development of judgment. He is "cogitational"—common men are simply emotional. "The Middle Ages formed quite a long period of a purely emotional character. The traditional element was all-powerful. The individual was completely merged in the family, the corporate body and the class. For a duration of nearly five hundred years there did not appear a single brain centre which would have been capable of cogitation. For this reason it was that the entire period could not help being sentimental, religious, and mystical, adjectives which simply denote that lack of clearness with which, as we have already seen, the automatic actions of the centres reach the individual's consciousness."

Further, this excellent Nordau really believes that the human brain is made up of organs called "centres," sexual centres, centres "regulating sensations of light," a centre of "co-ordination," a "centre of the memory"; "the will is the action of an organ which gives out impulse to movement." Whenever he is at a loss he invents more centres—never was there such bureaucratic psychology. Try to describe a simple mental operation from beginning to end, and see what mere jabber all this talk of "centres" is. Let your action be seeing and striking at a fly. There must be an apparent nerve current first to the centre of sight, then come references to the centre of the memory—but stop there! Note that you have hypotheticated quite wantonly a group of mental operations from the centre of sight to the memory bureau. Having made the gap, you have next bridged it. That suffices for the present argument. Any one with an intelligence at all above the Nordau level will appreciate that whenever a new "centre" is marked off, a new set of mental operations is hypotheticated. If you say that sight is here, and memory there, and the two have to be brought into communication before the centre of emotion is aroused, and the centre of will set disengaging energy, you analyse nothing and you explain nothing. If it is not volitional impulse that travels from the "centres" of sight and memory, it is something else quite as inexplicable. You simply insert something. It's the old joke of "vital force" once again. "The will is the action of an organ which gives out impulses to movement." Surely the "Daily Chronicle," which is typically responsible for the inflation of this Nordau, will admit that this is an amazingly stupid saying.

And here, completing the survey of the Nordau equipment, we may give just one good specimen of his "scathing style" to justify our pothouse reference:—

"As to the anti-vivisection movement, those persons with whom it originated are in truth from an intellectual point of view hopeless dullards, for they display so perfect an incapacity of comprehension and judgment that the right ought to be unconditionally taken from them of joining in discussions of a political or municipal nature, or even of managing their own possessions."

One can almost hear the "ealthy fist" "whack" on the beery table.

The interest of this Nordau, as we said at the outset, was not in his dull impenetrable personality itself, but in the fact that, being such an exceptionally dull person, he had been soaked to his neck in Darwinism. What effect has it had upon him? . . . None save that he drips of it. This present book, for instance, concerns the future of humanity, and he is simply incapable of seeing the clear implicate of Darwinism, that man is now changing, mentally, morally, physically; that, unless the phytion is extinguished, he must continue so to change for ever—into the inhuman. Even our popular story writers know that, and make capital out of it. But this little step forward into wonderland was beyond the possibilities of Nordau. A man of this imaginative type may be soaked in Darwinism with as much impunity as—the ancient critic says—he may be brayed in a mortar.

With a highly imaginative man like Nietzsche the case is altogether different. For azote—fluorine. Through the raving self-conceit of the man we can trace Darwinism, assimilated, worked up. Nietzsche may not have been marching, but he has certainly not been marking time; he has leapt and stumbled. In a manner he is antique. He writes in fables set in the mouth of Zarathustra, in grotesque parody of the gospel form. Dr. Tille, translating, is constrained to pepper "doth" and "hath" in his pages—albeit these words do not belong to modern English prose. It is a quite inappropriate style and form. In philosophical and ethical discussion fables have served two purposes. They are an expedient to dodge persecution, as in the case of Rabelais; but in these days there is no persecution worthy of the name. Or else they serve to dodge precise but difficult statements by conveying a parallel effect. In the latter case they either eke out the mental insufficiency of the writer or of the disciple. But Nietzsche professes to be a superior person writing for superior persons, and the distinctive feature of the scientific teaching is its insistence upon clearness of definition. His style and form are involuntary, unintellectual, the evidence of his misfortune. But through them, nevertheless, a definite line of thought is clearly perceptible.

Nietzsche shows his intellectual superiority to Nordau at the very outset by his insistence upon the transitory nature of man. He points to the future. "Man is a something that shall be surpassed" is the text throughout. "Beyond man is the significance of earth." He flourishes as his own original gospel and amidst a vast amount of wild raving, what was said eighteen hundred and sixty years ago perfectly and for ever, "*Let the dead past bury its dead.*" God, he says, is dead; that is, the old dispensation is dead; the world is not a legal world governed by precedent, but a living world ruled by innovation. Obligations come upon men not out of the past but out of the future. Fight, enjoy, develop.

"A thousand paths there are which have never yet been walked, a thousand healths and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered ever are man and the human earth.

"Awake and listen, ye lonely ones! From the future winds are coming with a gentle beating of wings, and there cometh a good message for fine ears.

"Ye lonely ones of to-day, ye who stand apart, ye shall one day be a people: from you who have chosen yourselves a chosen people shall arise; and from it beyond—man.

"Verily, a place of healing shall earth become! And already a new odour lieth around it, an odour which bringeth salvation—and a new hope!"

That is not raving, parody though it may be. "A thousand healths" is a fine saying. And this, again, is clearly intellectualized, if a little wanting in novelty:—

"The man of perception must not only be able to love his enemies, but also to hate his friends.

"One ill requiteth one's teacher by always remaining only his scholar. Why will ye not pluck at my wreath?

"Ye revere me; but how if your reverence one day falleth down? Beware of being crushed to death by a statue!"

But enough of this comparison. From the practical reader's point of view, Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" is flighty, irritating, and puzzling, but also very suggestive,

and certainly well worth reading. Nordau, stripped in his "Paradoxes" of the scandalous personalities of his "Degeneration," stands confessed a dreary dullard. In the sceptical, serious household his new book will probably discharge the function fulfilled by the volume of sermons in the religious, serious household, as an afternoon soporific. In addition, both "Paradoxes" and "Zarathustra" are excellently adapted for flattening flowers, or as paper-weights, or filling the black corners of a book-shelf.

SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

"Some Records of the Life of Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B." Compiled by a Friend and edited by his Widow. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1896.

MRS. LINNET, in "Janet's Repentance," was a great reader of such books as these. "On taking up the biography of a celebrated preacher, she immediately turned to the end to see what disease he died of; and if his legs swelled as her own occasionally did, she felt a stronger interest in ascertaining any earlier facts in the history of the dropsical divine—whether he had ever fallen off a stage coach, whether he had married more than one wife, and, in general, any adventures or repartees recorded of him previous to the epoch of his conversion. She then glanced over the letters and diary, and whenever there was a predominance of Zion, the River of Life, and notes of exclamation, she turned over to the next page; but any passage in which she saw such promising nouns as 'small-pox,' 'pony,' or 'boots and shoes,' at once arrested her."

The life of Sir Arthur Blackwood, as this ill-assorted mass of matter will be called in spite of the deprecations of the preface, must be very welcome to the whole Linnet tribe and to that great class of persons who love Protestant doctrine in personal, anecdotal, and biographical dress. It will also appeal to students of the wayward and whimsical spirit of man; and those who delight in a grave humour will also treasure the book which records of this distinguished man that the earnest believing, prevailing prayer of his three aunts "rose like a fountain for him night and day." Indeed, to put it shortly, the three aunts bagged him. He surrendered his heart to the Lord under a chandelier at Willis's Rooms, during a ball, and immediately began preaching to the girl he had booked for the next dance. He was also converted at Beckenham, in the Crimea, and elsewhere, taking for his motto apparently the words "early and often." He entered with zest into a religious life of tract distributing and tract writing. Instead of "*Played vingt et un!*" which I am sorry for. God forgive me! won four schelling," he passed at revival meetings "a most enjoyable time! several thousand tracts distributed." Instead of fox-hunting and grouse-shooting, which he gave up as carnal delights, he hunted for the soul of the housemaid, angled for the conversion of a ragged one-armed man, with the baits of a broom, a crossing and an attic near Mount Street (though he lost his fish). He prayed in trains, with persons under the influence of drink, who spoke familiarly of the Devil, but were much softened. He converted one of the readers of the "Saturday Review," a Russian, who immorally preferred this paper before a tract called "I have my ticket," but was ultimately persuaded by our rival. He fumbled for a tract when he paid his cabman, and sometimes got a counter-tract, or a sermon of Spurgeon's, before he could out with his own. He took long shots at publicans and tobaccoists, with the teetotal marksmen, and holloed on the terriers of the Church Association to draw the Ritualist badgers. He was in full sympathy with all sorts of religions, which were not sacramentarian and allowed him to expound the Apocalypse so as to prove the Pope to be Anti-Christ and the Dragon. He was present at the Tabernacle at the Baptist Requiem for Spurgeon, and would have supported the Salvation Army except that it allowed dancing. In fact, he was a buoyant irrepressible British Protestant, who read d'Aubigné and then lectured on the Reformation. He was a bore and vastly ignorant; he thought, for instance (290), that

"God allowed the sea to defend us in the days of the Spanish Armada, for then we were nationally standing up for His Truth and the Martyrs were dying for it." Yet, side by side with all this, he had the national genius for honest work, and was one of the few Commissariat men in the Crimean War who deserved laurels instead of hanging. He was an admirable servant of the State, and he had his share with Professor Fawcett in the Post Office reforms, such as the Parcels Post, the abolition of those foolish penny receipt stamps, the postal orders, money telegrams, replycards, and so on. But all these the biography touches with a very light hand. It is the Blackwood of Evangelical metaphysic who looms so large here, not the man of great unobtrusive deeds, but the man of queer and most obtrusive faith, the faith of brimstone tracts and Gospel vans, coffee-room schisms and missions to aged policemen. Even here, little as we sympathize with this faith and the debauched literature which it produces, we are ready to acknowledge that in such men as Sir Arthur Blackwood there are many of the traits common to the saints. If the former hoped to save the soul of a dying man by pronouncing solemnly three texts during the death-rattle; if when he saw a dog fall from a steamer and get fished up by a sailor, he could not help improving the occasion to the ship's company, and comparing them to drowning dogs; if, when he gazed on the clouds, he thought of the similes of the Psalmist, yet he was possessed of the spirit of St. Anselm, St. Hugh, and St. Bernard. No doubt his expression of that spirit was not theirs, was less graceful, less thoughtful, less exact, more whimsical, individualist, and insubordinate. That is not the point. It was the same spiritual impulse which drove him on; and the great difference between them ultimately is this—that the Church of the middle ages managed to discipline and instruct her enthusiasts; but the modern Church manages to do neither of these things, and such discipline and instruction was good for both sides. A better instructed saint would have taken a less soldierly and more saintly line, for instance, about the grievances of the postmen, and would have hesitated before assuring all readers that the "law of supply and demand" is as much one of God's laws "as the law of gravitation." On the other hand, the Church would have gained a brave, simple, energetic, vigorous son in the place of a perplexing and irritating phenomenon, as he must appear to be to those ecclesiastical dignitaries who read any fair proportion of this work.

Two more points deserve notice. The get-up of this book is good; and there are one or two passages which shed some light upon the Crimean campaign, the bungling and the looting, the incompetency and general stupidity of most of the work there, which the English people never realize, because, forsooth, we managed to come off pretty well in the pitched battles; and any excuse will serve us for indolence and complacency. Of course the book does not mean to enforce this lesson, but is merely intended to be a "Gospel van" to the reader of biographies, and only historical as a kind of by-work.

THE FROSTY CAUCASUS.

"The Exploration of the Caucasus." By Douglas W. Freshfield. 2 vols. London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

WE must say that we regret that Mr. Douglas Freshfield has been constrained to adopt the unwieldy format of imperial octavo, thick paper for the type and stiff cardboard for the illustrations, for his magnificent work on the Caucasus. It is not a handy book. It is full of the most interesting reading on geography and adventure, reading that would keep one awake even after dinner in a deep low chair with a pipe of "Arcadia" mixture. At the same time we must admit that Mr. Freshfield in his preface fully justifies the magnificent form in which his great work on the Caucasus has been brought out. The book is no ephemeral narrative of mountaineering. There is certainly plenty of climbing adventure; for Mr. Freshfield has himself been three times to the Caucasus, and each time he conquered previously untrodden peaks. His narratives of these adventures and of the feats performed by his

friends are models of what this kind of literature should be. They are indeed a happy combination of literature, science and art. For though Mr. Freshfield would not claim to be in any way a scientific specialist, it is evident that he knows enough of science to enable him to read not a few lessons scarred on the face of Nature, and to supply data to those who are qualified to read more. But he is first of all a fastidious stylist, and every page bears evidence of the care with which he has chosen his language so as to produce the impression he aims to convey. Again, no one without a strong feeling for art could have selected and seen to the satisfactory production of the many splendid illustrations which adorn the book.

The Caucasus have not yet become a fashionable climbing resort, and it is doubtful whether they ever will. They are too far away, and they are too much lacking in the comforts indispensable to, at least, the ordinary English tourist. Indeed, this mountain range, more akin in shape and in physical constitution to the Pyrenees than the Alps, is even yet imperfectly known and inadequately mapped. Though Mr. F. C. Grove twenty years ago wrote his charming work on the "Frosty Caucasus," we still find, in works regarded as authoritative, the statement that glaciers are practically absent. Even Mr. Freshfield's own "Travels in the Central Caucasus," published in 1869, should have convinced geographers that this sweeping statement is untenable. From the admirable map which accompanies this new work, it is evident that from Elbruz to Kasbek, a distance of some 150 miles, we have an almost continuous glacial field, comparable to anything to be found in the Alps. Mr. Freshfield institutes an interesting comparison between the Alps and the Caucasus. As we have said, on the authority of Professor Bonney, who writes an instructive appendix on the Physical History of the Caucasus, the latter range has more points of resemblance with the Pyrenees than with the too crowded playground of Europe. The Caucasus, according to Mr. Freshfield, are less picturesque but more romantic than the Alps. The human interest is less; and much of the attraction of the Alps, for the bulk of their frequenters, depends upon the presence of man and his works, from the picturesque chalet up to the hideous hotel and its sweltering table-d'hôte. They know that even after the remotest climb in the Alps, or even Tyrol, there is a substantial meal, a flask of good wine, and a comfortable bed to look forward to; and it must be admitted that to most of us the climb without the attendant comforts would be robbed of half its enjoyment. To Mr. Freshfield and other hardened mountaineers this is no doubt rank Philistinism. If for them Switzerland is played out, they will for long have the Caucasus to fall back upon. There for days they may have nothing but their tents and sleeping-bags; or, still worse, a shepherd's hut or a dirty native inn. But the grandeur of the scenery and loneliness of the situation are compensations for all this. The mountains are, as a whole, much loftier, the precipices far more stupendous, the scale of everything much larger than in the Alps, while the glaciers are quite as picturesque. Only a few peaks, some of them among the loftiest, like Elbruz, over 18,000 feet, have as yet been ascended; so that there is ample room for mountaineering enterprise for many years to come.

But besides their mountains and their glaciers, there are other attractions about the Caucasus not to be found in the ranges of Western Europe. It must be said that lakes are not among them. It will no doubt seem strange to the uninitiated, but there is hardly a tarn in the Caucasus, and this, from the scenic point of view, is certainly a defect. The fact is not yet satisfactorily accounted for by the physical geographer; if we are not mistaken, it is pretty much the same in the Pyrenees and the Himalayas. But there are compensations. The forests in the Caucasus are on a larger scale and of much greater variety of foliage than is the case in the Alps. They form one of the most striking features in certain parts of the Caucasus. But the floral decorations of the lower slopes of this remarkable range exceed in size and richness anything to be found anywhere else outside the tropics, if indeed a parallel is to be found even there. To such a height do these

flowers grow, and so densely are they packed together, that in some parts it would be difficult to find a man on horseback among them: saxifrages, rock-valerians, enchanter's nightshade, groundsels, ferns, and succulent mosses. The botanist, Mr. Levier, from whom Mr. Freshfield quotes, is so puzzled by this gigantic flora that he is driven to conclude that it must be the survival of a flora of some far-back geological period, not yet superseded by the diminutive varieties of the present age. However it may be accounted for, it is surely one of the most remarkable features of the remarkable mountain-barrier between Europe and Asia. Equally interesting are the people, the Suanetians, the Ossetes, the Tauli, the Cherkess, the Mingrelians, and others. The ethnology of the region is a standing puzzle, only now being worked out by the Tiflis *savants*. Mr. Freshfield conjectures that these peoples are only broken-off fragments of the migrant troops that have from remote ages swarmed from Asia into Europe; they have got stranded within almost inaccessible mountain-girt valleys, and no one can say whence they originally came. They were once free and independent, though now they have been almost all effectively brought under the Russian yoke. The Suanetians were the last to be subdued, and even yet they have not lost entirely their fiercely independent bearing. Mr. Freshfield tells the story of their subjugation in a chapter of great interest; another he devotes to a visit which he paid to the country of the Abkhassian, deported by the Russian Government years ago, man, woman and child, so that now the valley is a solitude.

We have given but a poor idea of the riches of these two superb volumes. As we have said, there is abundance of climbing adventure. But there is much more. Mr. Freshfield has not contented himself with giving the results of his own observations. He has mastered the literature and the cartography of the subject, and that is saying much. The fruits of his own experience and of all this research are given in a series of chapters which raise the work to the position of a monograph of permanent value on one of the most interesting mountain ranges of the world, written in a style that gives it the quality and attraction of literature. The appendices are full of guidance for the climber and the student. Of the seventy-six large plates, and the hundred or more illustrations in the text, we cannot speak too highly. We never saw more perfect specimens of work of this class. These, with the three great panoramas covering practically the whole central range with which the book deals, in themselves afford a conception of the character and nature of the mountains which no amount of description could give. No wonder that Mr. Freshfield gives prominence in the title-page to Signor Vittorio Sella, to whom most of the original photographs are due. The two maps are masterpieces of cartography. This is evidently an author's and not a publisher's book; and we must congratulate Mr. Freshfield on being in a position to indulge a taste which has resulted in a work so solid, attractive, and beautiful.

KAISER AND KANZLER.

"The German Emperor William II." By Charles Lowe. London: Bliss, Sands, & Foster. 1895.
 "Bismarck's Table-Talk." Edited by Charles Lowe. London: H. Grevel & Co. 1895.

THERE is a growing fashion among publishers to resurrect "literature in a hurry" under the fierce light which beats upon books, and this fashion in its present slipshod shape is not altogether commendable. Mr. Lowe's literary shortcomings—partisanship, poverty of style, and triviality—pardonable enough in some journalists, require chastening before he can make a bid for permanency. In his present attempts his ambition is far ahead of his capacity, and we hesitate to praise his patchwork of veteran anecdotes, although he is never desperately dull. It was certainly bold to attempt the biography of a young man in a hurry whose kaleidoscopic career has baffled ephemeral prints, and who certainly never stops to be focussed on the pages of a book. A biography of Bismarck had been more attain-

able, whereas a quilt of "table-talk" is only exasperating and inappropriate. The great Chancellor is no doubt a table-talker in the least pardonable sense; but that is not the conception the world prefers to cherish of the man of action. Had the table-talk been new we had forgiven and even welcomed it; but most of it has been stale for years. And what grammar! what grotesque blunders distress us at every turn! William is first styled "Deutsche Kaiser" and then "King of the Prussians," as if he piqued himself on being a limited monarch. "Politik policy" is rendered "political policy," which makes nonsense. Muhammadans, when Mr. Lowe is reaching after penny-a-line synonyms, are represented as "worshippers of the Prophet." Macédoine appears as Macédonie. And here is a remarkable instance of precocity:—"While still in long clothes—so the story ran—his father had shown the infant Prince to a deputation of Berlin citizens." A father in long clothes! "Very surprised" is only one among many phrases which do not pass muster. And as for the fine writing, it is at once our despair and our amazement. "To be timeously informed" is journalese for "To be informed in time"; and we are treated to "the excambion" of islands when "exchange" would have been so much simpler, and more intelligible. Of course telegrams are not sent, but "messages" are "flushed." But much may be forgiven for his obtrusive good-nature, which is lenient even to the vagaries of Young Father William, about whom it must be so difficult not to write a satire. Emphasis is laid upon the vitality of the hand-shake, which reminded Lord Amphil of Götz von Berlichingen; the prowess of the one-armed bear-hunter, described by the foresters as "brave to rashness"; and the versatility of the "artist of attitudes," the patriotic orator, the champion of morals, the lime-light lecturer, the musician, the cartoonist, and the traveller doing his 19,000 miles a year. Only indirectly is he held up to ridicule, and only then if it be admitted that too much zeal, having passed out of fashion, is itself ridiculous. But no makeshift of good-nature can veil the extravagant extremes of the character. What a jumble of brat and hero is revealed by the young officer of eleven, who burst into tears because he was not considered old enough to go and fight the French! "His Majesty does nothing by halves. Between boycotting Bismarck at Vienna, and treating him like a fellow-sovereign at Berlin, he knew no mean." And so with his speeches. "Sometimes they read like the homilies of a field-preacher, sometimes like the fervid apostrophes of a French poet, and sometimes like the most floridly picturesque pages of an Archenholtz or a Napier."

The sketch of Bismarck fails because the author takes us too far behind the scenes, and leaves us incredulous about the great actor whom we had admired in the blaze of the limelight. We may feel a kindness for his Viking draughts and Homeric laugh, but the obtrusion of his egotism and lack of manners is a disillusion. And the book suffers from the multiplicity of plagiarism. We have whole slices from three well-known books of memoirs. Still, there are occasional passages which admit of repetition. The reply to Jules Favre, when he said that, if any one had begun to count six milliards at the birth of Christ he would not yet have completed the work, is in the best Bismarckian vein: "Well," was the answer, "that is precisely why I have summoned to my side some one who began to count even before the birth of Christ," the allusion being, of course, to the Jewish bankers, Bleichröder and Erlanger. And it is easy to picture Bismarck growling at his physician, "Don't ask so many questions," and then caving in to the retort, "Then please consult a veterinary surgeon; he asks no questions." There is also a pleasant vein about his treatment of a message, which came through the United States Minister, that "Prince Bismarck is respectfully requested to cable" (to an American journalist) "a few words in reference to the following question: 'What benefit will be derived in your Grace's (*sic*) opinion from International Expositions (*sic*)?' " On the margin of this "His Grace" wrote simply and conclusively in pencil the one word, "None," which we hope edified, if it did not satisfy, the Yankee. On another occasion, to a financial gentleman who tried to pump him about poli-

tics, he replied that he knew nothing, as he had not yet seen the morning paper.

As a judge of character Mr. Lowe does not show to such advantage as he does as an anecdotist. He begins by comparing Bismarck to everybody he can think of, including such very different individuals as Cromwell, King Alfred, Strafford, Frederick the Great, William Pitt, Walpole, Victor Emmanuel, Henry VIII., Richelieu, Macchiavelli, and Luther. The result is hopelessly confusing; whereas, in point of fact, Bismarck's character is a peculiarly simple one. Perhaps the worst blunder is the assertion that "Bismarck was a Royalist of the first water." No doubt, if he had been called upon to occupy a throne himself, his autocratic instincts would soon have developed into Royalism; but throughout his career he never displayed that reverence for kings and kingship which he professed for the authority of strength. As he summed it up himself, he desired not "la contre-révolution, mais le contraire de la révolution." "I look upon absolutism as the most unfortunate of all forms of government," he observed on another occasion; "you have no idea to what extent the destinies of a despotically ruled land can sometimes be influenced by a clever flunkey." And when the title of Prince was conferred upon him, he remarked, "J'ai pesté toujours contre les Princes, et voilà que le Roi m'y associe!" For the rest, his influence upon the map of Europe suffices to reveal him as a Royalist of anything but the first water. Perhaps, if we were called upon suddenly to declare Prince Bismarck's most pronounced characteristic, we should pitch upon his chronic self-satisfaction. In all his speeches and reflections he seems to be contemplating his life's work, and exclaiming, "Behold, it is very good." But one passage in Mr. Lowe's book, which we remember seeing quoted triumphantly in a French paper from some other source, touches an entirely different chord. "At Varzin once," we read, "after sitting for some time sunk in profound reflection, he lamented that he had derived but small pleasure or satisfaction from his political activity, but, on the other hand, much vexation, anxiety, and trouble. He had, he said, made no one happy by it—neither himself, his family, nor any one else. 'But probably,' he continued, 'many unhappy. Had it not been for me there would have been three great wars the less; the lives of eighty thousand men would not have been sacrificed, and many parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not now be mourners.'" The picture here presented is one of infinite pathos.

COMTE CLARIFIED.

"The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte." Freely Translated and Condensed by Harriet Martineau; with an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. 3 vols. Bohn's Library. London: George Bell & Sons. 1896.

DEAN COLET was a great stickler for the ancient custom of a Boy-Bishop, who was an urchin elected in the *libertas Decembria*, and who was allowed to preach out from the cathedral pulpit to his mates and elders all his whole boyish mind and heart, with the audacity and derision of derivative youth in an audacious age. It was considered but fair to the young, and medicinally to didactic eld, that the new age should have its say sometimes; and most interesting that say must have been. To read Comte's "Positive Philosophy" is like listening to the *episcopus puerorum*—a clever and voluble one, too. It makes one feel young again and infallible, and capable of delicious leaps and heroic undertakings, jesting at refutation, scornful of obstacles, and prepared to beard the aged and pluck the hairs of the wise, out of sheer delight in life and in frolic venturesomeness. Comte had a quite boyish love of generalization and a convenient habit of dropping fractions. "Everything and everybody passes through three stages," he tells us, with sparkling eye and flushed chubby cheek; "first we explain things by God, and next by abstractions, and at last by laws, and laws are flatly against the other two. We must aim at grouping our knowledge, and by my patent binder, tying observations into sheaves, and sheaves into stacks, and some day we will tie stacks together with a bigger cord

still (say gravitation); but I will not anticipate. The proper study of mankind is not man, as dotards have held, but triangles, meteors, weights, gases, the duodecimal, and banking. We just go from simple to complicated, from inorganic to organic, in an easy and natural manner, taking things just as they come. So we begin with number, and so on up to sociology, zoology, &c. Never mind why, they go into one another. Next I will tell you how to reorganize the world. None of your mystical bowings and gropings, none of your revolutionary nonsense about liberty, equality, and fraternity (which ends in Napoleon). A parliament of independent thinkers, taken out of five Western nations only, is to renew and renovate all human conceptions; a new Holy Catholic Church will arise of my own making, and a few more such receipts will answer admirably. Finally, I beg to observe that the hat will be handed round, as I must eat before I can reform you all as fully as I mean to do."

There is something pathetic in this Boy-Bishop's earnestness, in spite of the fact that the situation is funny; for he lectures away, gravely and authoritatively, at the Dean and Canons, without the least sense that he is often talking with lamentable ignorance and absurdity, and there stands Mr. Frederic Harrison, like a choleric beadle, to keep one from laughing out loud, and the shade of Miss Harriet Martineau opening and closing the doors. It seems ungracious to question whether chemistry does depend anyhow upon astronomy, and to recall the spectrum; and to ask whether logic and Mr. Barnato ever had a theological first state; and to wonder what constitutes a law and what it implies. But let us not be censorious, but rather proud of this representative of youth and superiority. He has genius, at least in patches and tussocks in the lecture. He may prophesy at random that the British Constitution is *in articulo mortis*; but when he interprets old events, such as the celibacy of the clergy, as the great barrier to a too hereditary and caste system, or ancient war, because it forced organization and cohesion upon irrational and selfish men, he is a gifted critic, and as such is a source of perpetual delight to his readers. He draws many a bow at a venture, and smites some great foe between the joints of the harness. How clever is his unmasking of the political economists of the day, who are convicted of forging a pseudo-science which they avowed to be "isolated from that of social philosophy in general," whereas in social and biological science "all the various general aspects of the subject are scientifically one and rationally inseparable!" How bold he is in the belief that whatsoever is past has failed, because it was insufficient or untrue, and therefore can never be revived, and that the golden age rather lies in the future than in the past! Of course it is a mistake on Comte's part to translate the notion that all our knowledge is relative, into the wild assertion that we only know "phenomena," just as his admiration for Gall and his fury at psychology were absurd; but yet has not the modern world, as a whole, gone after Comte? Have we not been ruled by syndicates of bankers, educated by the chicken-fattening process of stuffing in languages and 'ologies, with no "illusory notion of causation"? Have we not surrendered our ideas of personal identity as he bade us, vaguely served humanity for our religion, scrupulously respected our vital sparks, and done a great number of other things whereof we now begin to weary? The sermons of the Boy-Bishop showed what was coming; but, as usual, the young prophet imagined that he was a man of finality, instead of being a man of a phase. Mr. Harrison could not gather us together to worship in Fetter Lane nor Mr. Congreve draw us all into Lamb's Conduit Street, but we have all been Positivists in our day. But now the Boy-Bishops at the *festum stultorum* preach quite contrary to most of these Comtist doctrines. Sciences are to fold their hands and pray, and say amen to the poets; and metaphysicians are to spin again, and dreamers may dream, and people may go up cloud-capped mountains and come out with graven laws and shining faces, and do so many other things, that it is well worth reading through the "Positive Philosophy" again in this abridged and clarified form, just to notice how the world has moved in half a century, and left even Mr. Harrison among the fogies.

FLAMBOYANT HISTORY.

"The Makers of Modern Rome." By Mrs. Oliphant.
London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THERE is a style of architecture overcharged with unnecessary and florid detail in which the essential scheme is lost in a wilderness of design. There is a style of painting, too, in which primitive forcibleness and simple dignity of idea are sacrificed to a revel in superfluities. The "flowery" artist who has no sense of proportion is as lavish as a child who piles on colour all over his picture, thinking that brightness is produced by the largest possible amount of paint. These reflections are venerable, but appropriate, seeing that we have before us Mrs. Oliphant's new book, "The Makers of Modern Rome," and Mrs. Oliphant is an exponent without parallel of floridness in literature.

For many years now Mrs. Oliphant has been inevitable. Her fecundity is only less surprising than her punctuality. Her books come out as regularly as the clock strikes. They are sometimes novels, sometimes biographies, sometimes histories, but always it is the same individual Mrs. Oliphant. That fatally fluent style, that singular talent for using a hundred words where one is often one too many, are the same whether the subject is Venice or Florence, or a Scotch parsonage, or psychical research. Only in this last prattle about Rome we cannot help recalling a characteristic of the Dowager Lady Castlewood's, described by Harry Esmond, "Like the Western sun, she blushed redder towards her setting." "Makers of Modern Rome" is more highly rouged, bejewelled, and beribboned than any of its predecessors.

As an historian Mrs. Oliphant is not to be taken seriously. She herself says, in her preface:—"Nobody will expect in this book or from me the results of original research or a settlement of vexed questions which have occupied the gravest students." This ingenuous appeal to the critic is made more effective by a statement in the same dedication that "the work has been much interrupted by sorrow and suffering, on which account for any slips of hers the writer asks indulgence." This is enough to soften the heart of the most unchivalrous of reviewers, and make him turn a blind eye to inaccuracies or blunders; but he is still obliged professionally to doubt the wisdom of compiling a portly book of some five hundred pages about one of the most intricate periods of history, if that book is not to be judged by historical standards. Mrs. Oliphant ranges from the Rome of the fourth century to the Rome of Leo X. She splits up these thousand years into romantic divisions—"Honourable Women Not a Few"; "The Popes who Made the Papacy"; "Lo Popolo and the Tribune"; "The Popes who Made the City." The first book, in spite of the glowing pompousness of Mrs. Oliphant's descriptions, is dull and flat. Albina, Marcella, Paula, occupy a hundred closely printed pages; but they do nothing but wear "heavy golden tissues," and make lions of "meagre and sinewy" saints. The second book, dealing with the great Popes, is an improvement; but we believe that it would convey little meaning to any one totally unacquainted with the history of the fierce struggle between Empire and Papacy. The appreciation of Hildebrand, struggling through a fog of verbosity, emerges clear, thoughtful, and reasonable. But Mrs. Oliphant is shaky on Innocent III. That great Pope, who aspired to the unattainable ideal of exercising a moral government over the Christian world, is persistently misunderstood by us, perhaps because his name is coupled with calamity in England. He pronounced the interdict, condemned the champions of liberty and the form of sound government, and the deep mark he leaves on our history must be allowed to be one of aggression and injustice. In spite of this, it is impossible not to recognize the grandeur of his aims, and the great zeal for righteousness with which he was inspired. Mrs. Oliphant's criticism of his relations with the Empire is interesting, although we doubt its soundness.

With the gush over Rienzi, an inflated mountebank, who burst when he was pricked, we have no patience. Nor have we been able to discover from Mrs. Oliphant

on what ground he can be considered as a "Maker" of Rome. The only two things of which he can be called the "maker" are Lord Lytton's bombastic novel, and Wagner's noisy trumpet-and-drum opera founded on that novel. Mrs. Oliphant writes about the Popes of the Renaissance, and misses out Alexander VI. She says a great deal about Leo X. and very little about Michael Angelo. But those are only indications of the lack of proportion and adjustment which characterizes the book from first to last. If the glib pen had once spluttered, some prominence might have attached to a character or phrase. But Mrs. Oliphant's pen never plays her such a trick. Purple patches may sometimes be found in other writers' books. But "The Makers of Modern Rome" is a series of rolling purple meadows, smooth, unshaded, trackless, and indistinguishable.

EPISCOPAL PALACES.

"Episcopal Palaces of England." By Edmund Venables, late Canon and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral, and others. London: Isbister. 1895.

THE late Canon Venables of Lincoln left his projected book on bishops' residences in an incomplete state. He described eight of the eleven included in this volume. Whether he intended to finish the series or not we have no information. A little note tells us that its scheme was projected by Canon Venables; but after going carefully through we have found no special scheme, no reason why their author should have selected these eight, and none why the writer of the prefatory note should say that the portion of the task left undone "has been happily completed by the hearty and sympathetic co-operation of the Rev. Dr. Sparrow Simpson, the Rev. J. Browne Cave, the Rev. A. R. Maddison, of Lincoln, and Canon Church." The houses selected for notice do not seem to have been chosen on any "scheme" whatever; but while some of the most interesting have been omitted, others of little importance have been included. No book on episcopal houses can be considered even approximately complete which leaves out Hartlebury, probably the oldest inhabited "palace" in England, or Chichester, or Hereford, or Eccleshall, to mention only a few. The illustrations are pretty, but leave out anything which the artist, Mr. Ansted, did not chance to admire. Thus, at Ely, we cannot discover any distinct indication of Wren's work, though the sketches are very pleasing and picturesque.

The use of the word "palace" grew up in very recent times. Even Lambeth was the "manor house" of the archbishop until the reign of Philip and Mary, when "palace" began to come into use. Strictly speaking, only the mansion of the bishop in the city from which the see is named is the palace. Therefore there are no palaces at Canterbury, Carlisle, Worcester, Rochester, and several other episcopal cities, and it is not usual to call Rose Castle, Hartlebury, Farnham, or Bishop's Auckland palaces. Among the episcopal residences described in this book is Fulham, almost the only house left to the See of London. Neither it nor the house rented in St. James's Square is really entitled to the designation of palace, even in the least precise way of speaking. Before the time of Henry VIII. the bishop had houses at Hornsey, Stepney, and many other places. The Archbishop of Canterbury had Headstone, near Pinner, and a complete line of manor houses from Lambeth to his "palace" at Canterbury, such as Otford, Knole, and others. The Bishop of Ely had Ely Place, not Ely Palace, in Holborn, and has now Ely House in Dover Street. "Crockford" is careful to call the Bishop of London's residence in St. James's Square "London House." But the manor house is Fulham Palace. The Archbishops of York have had Bishopthorpe, at least since the thirteenth century, as their principal residence; and Canon Venables says, judiciously, "It is high time to get rid of the notion, productive of no little cheap abuse of the Church and her dignitaries, that every bishop's house is necessarily a palace." York had its palace, as Canterbury had—that is, a residence in the metropolitan city, close to the old minster. Its chapel remains, and now does duty as a chapter library. Bishopthorpe, by the way, is only leased to the northern primate. Bishop Gray, about

1241, built it for his own residence, and with much foresight gave it by an assignment to the Dean and Chapter on condition that they should grant it to each successive incumbent of the See. So Archbishop MacLagan pays the annual rent of twenty marks unto this day. The older name of the place was St. Andrewthorpe. The house of the Bishop of Lincoln was till lately Riseholme; that of the Bishop of Wakefield is Bishopgarth; that of the Bishop of Lichfield, Bishopstowe; and that of the Bishop of Newcastle, Benwell Tower.

Of those residences which, in Canon Venables's definition, are true palaces, there are notices in this volume of Ely, Wells, Salisbury, and Norwich, with observations on the ruins at Lincoln. All are not of equal interest. Some, of great antiquity, have been so altered and repaired that very little older than the present reign can be distinguished. Before his unwieldy diocese was divided the Bishop of Lincoln had manor houses at Nettleham, Stow, Buckden, Sleaford, Newark, Liddington, Banbury, and Woburn, all to use on his travels. No doubt, as he visited one or another, he took with him the necessary furniture of at least a room or two, and probably also casements and glass for temporary use in the windows. Most of these manors were surrendered to the rapacious ministers of Edward VI. Buckden, the chief of them all, is now a private residence, having been "restored" and added to recently. It was sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who, with the shortsighted and high-handed policy which made so many clergymen complain fifty years ago, built the Bishop a new house at Riseholme, two miles or more from his episcopal cathedral. "Years afterwards one of the Commissioners, on being asked why the bishop had not been placed in his palace at Lincoln, naively replied, 'We did not know what a charming situation it is.'" Meanwhile the palace was rented by successive tenants, who kept it in good repair, and even endeavoured to save the ruins which surrounded it from destruction. The greater part of the present house was built in the last century, and though "it cannot be called beautiful," it is roomy and comfortable, and "commands the same view as the mediæval palace which lies in ruins beside it." At Manchester and Chester, and in several other places, the Commissioners acted in the same stupid and ignorant way—the tradition surviving until very lately, if, indeed, it is extinct yet. The lamented Bishop Fraser was quite as high-handed and had reason on his side. When he was appointed he took a suburban villa almost in Manchester, and then added a second to it, and so brought himself into close neighbourhood and personal contact with the people in his charge. This excellent example has been followed here and there as at Lincoln, and though a bishop may want a country or seaside residence for use during some part of the year, no doubt his home should be among the clergy and the congregations over whom he is supposed to rule. If the Bishops of London lived in London, it is likely they might be brought to understand how their senseless destruction of City churches has undermined their influence.

"A SOLDIER IN BATTLE."

"A Soldier in Battle; or, Life in the Ranks of the Army of the Potomac." By Frank Wilkeson. London: Bellairs & Co. 1896.

IN a preface which is peculiarly lacking in modesty or accuracy of assertion, Mr. Wilkeson tells us that this little book is intended to be a military history from the soldier's point of view. Hitherto "war history has been written to repair damaged or wholly ruined military reputations." The men who carried muskets have no reputations to defend or create, and so it is suggested that what they say is more likely to be true than the accounts of high commanders. A most rhetorical appeal is made to any other persons who may have served in the ranks during the War of Secession, as did our author, to leave a contribution behind them as to what they saw and did. According to our author, very many of them were the equals, not a few the superiors, of their officers in "intelligence, courage, and military ability," and their "judgment

about the conduct of the war, by reason of the vastness of their number, will have all the force of public opinion. That is almost invariably right. . . . The grumbling of a single soldier at a camp-fire may be unreasonable, and his criticism abusive. The criticism of 100,000 American soldiers will be *absolute truth!*" The italics are ours. The American army is evidently more formidable than we had imagined, and in these modern days, when the intelligence of individuals is so valuable, it will indeed be a serious thing to face an array of potential Moltkes and Wellingtons, every one of whom is fit to direct an army corps. We are glad to hear, too, that absolute truth is a characteristic of the utterances of every freeborn citizen across the Atlantic, and any base suspicions as to the accuracy of the more vivid delineations in these pages is for ever banished from our minds. It appears that there were two cardinal errors in the conduct of the war on the Unionist side, the exposure of which now is the more interesting in so far as neither Hamley nor any other of the great authorities who have studied it have dwelt upon them. It seems that it was a mistake to call for volunteers, and it was a grievous error to prefer West Point graduates for command, or, in other words, to choose men to lead who had spent their time in the study of war as a profession. Further, our author (and no doubt 100,000 American soldiers will corroborate him), both from his own experiences on active service and "from the current history of war," has arrived at the conclusion that "the salvation of his country requires that the West Point Academy be destroyed." *Delenda est Carthago.* In opposition to the recorded opinion of such comparative amateurs as Napoleon, Sir Charles Napier, and Von Moltke, our author holds that successful commanders are not made, but, "like great poets, they are born"; and the mighty Corsican is cited as one who with Cæsar "was not a product of the schools," in spite of his maxim as to "Lisez, relisez," and the different study of campaigns which rendered him remarkable. West Point, it appears, turns out "shoulder-strapped office-holders. It cannot produce soldiers." Yet one, General Robert E. Lee, is thought by competent judges to have been the best soldier America ever produced, and one of the best that this century has seen, and he not only graduated at West Point, but was for a time superintendent of that institution. But we must make allowances for Mr. Wilkeson, since he tells us with guileless candour that he is conscious of imperfections, and will in a future edition try to correct his shortcomings. "Moderation and forbearance of statement and opinion have been my error!" The second edition will be very highly spiced indeed, and should sell well. In spite, however, of the flamboyant style of the preface, which is apt to prejudice a reader against the subsequent chapters, the book is most interesting. The scenes are described in a most vivid and graphic manner, and we have not since the "Débâcle" read any military literature which so impressed us with a sense of realism. Undoubtedly Mr. Wilkeson has the knack of placing a scene before us in a few bold, telling strokes, such as many a war correspondent would envy. He would, in fact, make an ideal war correspondent. Since he writes from the ranks, the absolute truth of all he tells us is naturally guaranteed, and he therefore wields a rod over us such as other writers cannot hope to possess; but in the telling of the tale he is on the same platform as the ordinary storyteller, and he more than holds his own with the very best of them. The account of how the patriotic volunteers left Albany, and the encouragement they received from their fellow-citizens on their departure for the front, is admirably related, as is also the description of their life on board the steamer. And some remarks on the "Artillery humbug" are so much to the point, and are so applicable to the kind of thing that went on in our service until quite recently, and in places even still survives, that we must reproduce them:—"My lad, you are just beginning to discover the artillery humbug. You serve in what should be the most efficient arm of the service; an arm where men and horses and guns should be wasted as water, where tons of ammunition should be expended in target practice, because if a gunner cannot hit the object he fires at, he had better not fire at all, as to miss excites the contempt of the

enemy. I have served in this army for two years," he said, "and there is not a general officer in it who understands how to use artillery, not one"! How many are there even now in our own?

FICTION.

"The Creed of Philip Glyn." By the Hon. Mrs. Alan Brodrick. London: Ward & Downey. 1896.

"A Village Drama." By V. Schallenger. London: Bliss, Sands, & Foster. 1896.

THE creed of Philip Glyn, we are told, "was a very simple one; it was contained in a few syllables, 'God is Love—Love is of God.' He never despaired of any human being, however degraded, in whose nature lingered the tiniest spark of love, even for a dog." He was a very silly fellow, and has no business in the title at all, for his rôle never exceeds that of a Greek chorus. The principal character is "Keith Transome, artist," whose wife is distasteful to the author because of "bold eyes," "a loud voice," and a partiality for brandy. She seems to have no other faults, for the phrases put into her mouth are such as no sane woman, however "bold" and "loud," would use. For instance, when Keith's mother says "You must let me be a real mother to you, will you?", the wife "tosses her head," and replies, "I'll not be bullied." Keith dislikes his wife because she disappointed him by not being in a ship which went down with all hands, and because he loves another woman. He comes home one day and finds her in the act of drinking a poisonous lotion, whereupon he makes himself scarce for some hours, and comes back to find her dying. Philip Glyn, who is a clergyman, finds out about this virtual murder, and at once consents to hush it up. He even helps Keith to marry the other woman eventually, though he is himself in love with her. Mrs. Brodrick evidently means very well, but her work is still most jejune. Her chief mistake is in writing about fast people, whom she has never met. If she has ambitions to write fiction she will do well to confine her attentions in future to Sunday-school readers.

"A Village Drama," as the title implies, is concerned with highly uninteresting people, and never even approaches the dramatic. The village is in America, and the characters seem to combine the dullness of villagers with the vulgarity of Americans to an unusual degree. Everybody talks with the same accent, not excepting the author, and the irritation thereby engendered is unrelieved by any quaintness or originality of treatment. As a masterpiece of monotony we believe this book to be unrivalled; and if the faculty are right in recommending yawns as a healthy exercise, we have no hesitation in advising frequent perusals. We notice that the author has already produced a work called "Green Tea." The present soporific is, doubtless, intended as an antidote. Indeed, no victim of insomnia should be without it on his night-table.

"The X Jewel: a Romance of the Days of James VI." By the Hon. Frederick Moncreiff. Edinburgh: William Blackwood. 1896.

"The Rajah's Sapphire." Written by M. P. Shiel from a plot given him *vivâ voce* by W. T. Stead. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden. 1896.

Jewels in fiction have been exhausted these thousand years, and Mr. Moncreiff shows himself quite impotent to revive them. Nor has he the dimmest conception how a plot should be constructed. His story has no end, very little beginning, and constant incoherence. The X jewel is minutely described; but it would require X rays to peer into the author's mind and find out why all the principal people in Scotland were so particularly anxious to possess it. Most irritating of all, we find at every touch and turn ever so many ragged ends of stillborn plots, which neither have nor could have any bearing on the story itself. But the book is gracefully written, and illustrates in a scholarly way the times and character of "the wisest fool in Christendom," who is treated more sympathetically than usual and displays a native shrewdness wherewith Whig historians had not credited him.

"The Rajah's Sapphire" has not even the excuse of

good English or good intentions. It appears to have been written by a lunatic, and as it is avowedly inspired by Mr. Stead, there is no need to mention that it is vulgar. It is the old, old story of a jewel which brought calamity on all who became possessed of it; but the story is not even dished up with a vestige of originality. We are taken behind the scenes of the present German Court and introduced to English county society by one whose acquaintance with either can only have filtered through the servants' hall. Indeed, the style and descriptions might be culled from the "Family Herald" and are quite sure to appeal to Jeames and Mary Anne. "Yesterday we were at Hendon—such a scene!" we read. "But the lady ice-gliders mostly lacked a certain something which I cannot define. It is an art which few Englishwomen attain to the perfection of gracefulness seen, for example, in the Princess." "The suite of rooms led one into the other, so that the vista of magnificent and brilliantly lighted apartments was superb. Over three thousand wax candles were used, in addition to the electric light, which was made to simulate wax candles." Just fancy! "You come to my house," says the villain of the piece, "introduce you to lords and dukes. Shake hands!" Their hands met. The High-flyer was cunning as well as cowardly." It is on this individual, "the High-flyer," an eccentric millionaire, that the plot, such as it is, depends. He has a mania for going the pace, drives tandem at full gallop and enjoys running over "an old cripple, or a blind man, or a woman with child"; skates furiously and knocks "lady ice-gliders" into smithereens; talks Telegraphese; and drives "his great and splendid steam yacht twice as fast as any other ship had ever gone." The main incident in the book is his ramming a North German Lloyd liner and sacrificing 400 lives—an incident evidently suggested by the tragedy of the "Elbe" the other year. "If he attempted to write, the pen made a thick stroke, or else broke to splinters under his hand." The caricatures of ladies and gentlemen in the book are equally grotesque, and the fact that it is printed on cardboard with gold tops and ragged edges is not a sufficient passport to our indulgence.

"An Impression by Michael Dure, called 'The Imagination of their Hearts.'" London: Henry & Co. 1896.

An affected title-page introduces us to a book with elements of cleverness, which are obscured by much unnecessary posing and many half-witted epigrams. We do not know Mr. Dure, but after reading his book we are convinced that he rather lacks intelligence, but has had the run of a second-rate studio. All his characters are detestable prigs, who spend their time in straining after impossible epigrams and bandying the dreary jargon of painter-men. As far as we can make out, "the imagination of their hearts" is how they may settle the pros and cons of realism in art. The style reminds us sometimes of Mr. Frankfort Moore at his worst and sometimes of a well-known playwright. The inspiration of this, for instance, is unmistakable: "If there were a beautiful vice, it would be the most delightful thing in the world—morality is so monotonous." And the book abounds in such remarks. Yet there is undoubted promise of cleverness, and we believe that, when the author grows up, he may yet do good work. As it is, he often succeeds in leaving an impression behind him, not always irritating, but nearly always depressing. Only a very young man could possibly display so much misanthropy. He deserves congratulation upon the delicate way in which he treads over thin ice at the crisis of an elopement, but what a commonplace situation have we here: "Cora smoked one of his cigarettes; and he, their lips together, was drawing the smoke from her mouth to his." And the chapter ends with it, as if with a prodigious discovery!

"A Pagan Soul." By Louis Vintras. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.

Louis Vintras ought to write a play. Her dialogue and epigrams are excellent. But she cannot construct a plot, and she is insufferably tedious when she attempts the simplest narrative. We do not know Louis Vintras from Adam or Eve, but we would wager odds that she

is a charming woman of thirty-eight. Balzac immortalized the "woman of thirty," but Louis Vintras has gone eight better, and created a paragon of charms, with a "divine face," thirty-eight years of age. We agree that youth is not in it with wit and beauty, but we are sceptical about irresistible possibilities so many milestones ahead. The weak part of the book is that all the characters, without exception, scintillate in the same key, howbeit bright. Here are a few specimens taken at random:—"What is life but a continual struggle to keep our bodies clean and make our souls dirty?" "Poor people do not love, they multiply." "Men are nothing better than poachers in love matters; most of them never even take out a licence, and those who go to that expense think themselves fully equipped to enjoy unlimited sport." "Love makes the wound which faith must heal." "A woman's past is that part of her life about which nobody knows anything and everybody talks." "One may pass an opinion even on friends—if one wishes to lose them." "In France all men are lovers; in England men rarely rise above the level of husbands." "It is only very young girls who look at the age of a man." Such is the exuberance of the author's epigrams that when the characters have exhausted them we find a whole incoherent string of them foisted upon the narrative without rhyme or reason for nearly two pages. The characters have a strange way of accepting invitations. When Lady Flutter Beeswing (what a name!) is offered some tea, she says, "Certainly"; and when Percival Congreave is asked to stay to lunch, he replies, "Yes, I came for that." The ladies often taunt each other in a very unladylike way; and the grammar is occasionally faulty. We have—"I should not have rang" and "Passion lays dormant for years." But, as a whole, the book is unusually readable.

"A Girl of Yesterday." By Mrs. F. Hay Newton. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.

"A Girl of Yesterday" is a rather pretty little story. It is better at the beginning, before the marriage of the heroine, than later, when misunderstandings of the lamest part husband and wife, leaving the latter exposed to the advances of the usual bold, bad man of the world who is to be met in country-houses. All ends happily, after the heroine's inexperience has led her to thoroughly compromise herself with the villain. At this stage her husband opportunely "returns" from somewhere, and all goes well.

NEW SCIENCE BOOKS.

"Artistic and Scientific Taxidermy and Modelling." By Montagu Browne, F.G.S., F.Z.S. London: A. & C. Black. 1896.

"The Royal Natural History." Edited by Richard Lydekker. Vol. V. Reptiles, Fishes, &c. London: Warne & Co. 1896.

"Ice Work, Present and Past." By T. G. Bonney. International Scientific Series. Vol. LXXVIII. London: Kegan Paul. 1896.

"The Astronomy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'" By T. N. Orchard, M.D. London: Longmans. 1896.

THERE are few of the ancillary departments of science that have gained so much in the last twenty years as the art of "setting up" skins and casts of animals. In many of the local museums, and, unfortunately, even in some of the larger institutions, there still linger specimens of the grotesque parodies of nature that satisfied the curators of earlier generations. The older method consisted in skinning the creature, treating the skin with some preserving material, and then stuffing it with bran or rags. The operator was an untrained bungler, ignorant of the structure and special characters of the creatures with which he was dealing, and quite unaccustomed to study them in life. Mr. Montagu Browne is one of those who have greatly advanced the art in England, and for this useful volume he has drawn upon all the best known American and Continental methods. As he explains very fully in this volume, the great feature of modern methods consists in the modelling of the creature's body. The operator must have a knowledge of anatomical structure, of surface anatomy, and of the characteristic attitudes and positions of the living things. The skins have to be treated so as best to preserve colour and markings, and a framework has to be slowly modelled over which the prepared skin finally has to be drawn. There are many materials, suited for different cases, of which this framework may be made; the important matter is that it shall be a faithful copy of the contours of the skinned animal. The

various devices for securing this, the nature and application of the preserving fluids, and a thousand other technical details relating to mammals, birds, reptiles, fish, invertebrates, and plants are discussed clearly, and fully illustrated by drawings and photographs. We have great confidence in recommending Mr. Browne's work to curators of museums and to professional and amateur taxidermists.

The very satisfactory undertaking for which Messrs. Warne secured the services of Mr. Lydekker is maintaining the reputation ensured by the early volumes. The description of living crocodiles, turtles, lizards, and snakes is simple enough, and required merely a naturalist with the ordinary powers of exposition; but associated with living reptiles are a number of extinct creatures of great interest, and in many cases of obscure relationship. In describing these "monsters of the prime," Mr. Lydekker had the advantage of long practical acquaintance with palæontological work, and he has used his special knowledge to great advantage. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that he found little space for the remarkable fossil reptiles known as the Anomodontia. These, by the structure of their teeth and bones, as, indeed, Mr. Lydekker points out, were the nearest representatives we know of the bridging forms between mammals and amphibia. In recent years many wonderful discoveries have been made among the African representatives of the group, and we should have liked to see a fuller account of these.

Perhaps fishes are the most difficult of all groups to classify. The immense amount of recent work upon them, perhaps, has increased the difficulties of arranging them. Naturalists, for instance, are at odds as to whether or no the great and apparently well-marked group of bony ganoids is polyphyletic—that is to say, whether those fishes that have been grouped together as ganoids may not after all be descendants of different ancestors, disguising their real differences by acquired resemblances. Mr. Lydekker treads warily, following, but not insisting too strongly, upon the most recent views. The last section of the volume we cannot estimate so highly. A great part of modern morphology centres round the subject of the last five-and-twenty pages, devoted to "the lowest vertebrates and their allies." No doubt it is beyond the scope of this treatise to explain structure and relationships requiring copious reproductions of microscopic preparations, and accounts of the peculiar structure and habits of the pelagic larvæ that bind the vertebrates with lower forms. Mr. Lydekker, following chiefly the recently published popular volume of Mr. Willey, is content with a sparse account of this most interesting set of creatures. But it contrasts unfortunately with the rest of the volume, as it suggests that its writer had no special knowledge of the creatures with which he was dealing.

Since the great Agassiz delivered an obscure Swiss professor of the Ice-Age theory, and presented it in a robust condition to the world, an astonishing number of distinguished popularizers of science, from Tyndall to University Extension Lecturers, have addressed the public on ice-work. None the less we think that Professor Bonney is justified of his book. In recent years a considerable number of new investigations have been made, and, so far as most readers are concerned, have been buried in scientific publications of a strictly technical kind. Perhaps the more interesting parts of the present volume are not new; but the author writes in a simple and pleasant fashion, and he has been at pains to bring together much of the latest material. The maps are very useful, and tourists or others who visit any of the well-known regions at present or in the last Ice Age covered with ice, will find "Ice Work" an agreeable and interesting companion.

We confess that for ourselves we do not greatly care whether or no Milton were a competent astronomer; but there are exact minds that cannot kneel before an altar unless its orientation be correct. For these Dr. Orchard in some three hundred odd pages has addressed himself to the following tasks:—"1. To ascertain the extent of Milton's astronomical knowledge. 2. To describe the starry Heavens and the celestial objects mentioned in 'Paradise Lost.' 3. To exemplify the use which Milton has made of astronomy in the exercise of his imaginative and descriptive powers." We are gratified to be able to assure doubting Thomases that the Doctor regards Milton's astronomical knowledge as very creditable, and that he approves very highly of the fashion in which Milton exercised his "descriptive and imaginative powers."

We have also received from Messrs. Allen & Co. a new volume of their excellent "Naturalists' Library," "British Birds," Vol. III.; from Macmillan & Co. a useful "Dictionary of Chemical Solubilities," by A. M. Comey; "The Spraying of Plants," by E. G. Lodeman, a full account of the uses and modes of application of sprays and powders for insecticide purposes; and "Mechanics for Beginners," in which Mr. Gallatly sets forth clearly, and with many illustrating problems, the elements of mechanics, paying special attention to their mathematical and arithmetical side; from Collins, a new edition of Thorpe's well-known "Manual of Organic and Inorganic Chemistry," in two volumes; from Norman & Son, "An Analysis of Astronomical Motion," written because the author, Dr. Henry Pratt, has come to the conclusion that it was "necessary to give a simpler expression to his views," as even

"those who were supposed to be qualified astronomers" have fallen into "grave misapprehensions regarding them"; from Duncker & Humblot, Leipzig, Vol. II. of the "Proceedings of the Leipzig Verein für Erdkunde," consisting of a valuable treatise upon the anthropology of mountainous districts; and from G. Westerman, Brunswick, an excellent popular treatise, "Im Reiche des Lichtes," upon heat and light, mock suns, and so forth.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- "The Sin of Hagar." By Helen Mathers. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.
 "Worse than a Crime." By Mrs. George Martyn. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1896.
 "Persis Yorke." By Sydney Christian. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1896.
 "Hadjira: a Turkish Love Story." By "Adalet." London: Edward Arnold. 1896.

CASSILIS and Trelawney both love Nadège; Nadège and Miss Gregorias both love Cassilis. Cassilis is a good, light-hearted man, and not so weak as you might fancy. Trelawney is black, wild, and originally unscrupulous, but with the capacity for being honourable and heroic in the set-teeth fashion. Miss Gregorias is stupendously handsome, too strong apparently to be lovable, and absolutely immoral in her passion for Cassilis. Nadège is weaker in character, but loyal, and a dear little thing. There's the situation. What will happen? Miss Helen Mathers' book ought to contain the answer; but we cannot say that it does. Indeed, it is difficult to see why the author should have launched out on what is really a psychological study and nothing else, when she is not prepared to face the problem squarely, and allow her drama to develop inevitably according to the clash and movement between her four characters. She throws the *raison d'être* of her situation to the winds when she endows the Gregorias with superhuman powers. Magical hypnotism is a nuisance in fiction altogether, though it may be forgiven in a rattling tale of adventure and breathless melodrama. As one of the chief motive powers in a drama of characters it is simply suicidal; it brings whatever interest the drama may possess down to the lowest point of excitement, and it is bound to make the author careless about the purely human portions. Why should an author care deeply about ordinary feelings and motives and actions when he knows all the time that he has hypnotism up his sleeve?

In "Worse than a Crime" we have an even more peculiar instance of building up a situation and then turning away from it. Gerard marries Lucy, partly out of pity; they do not get on together, and he falls in love with Eleanor. There's the problem. And the solution is—Lucy's death. Very lucky for Gerard and Eleanor, of course; but a most disappointing accident for us, because what on earth was the use of all this to-do if it comes to nothing? It is odd that novelists should be satisfied to call in Death in this cavalier manner, for surely that awful figure is only interesting when he is well inside the drama, when he helps to tie the knot, not when he cuts it through with a sweep of his scythe.

The same fault makes an appearance, though it is only fair to add a very minor appearance, in "Persis Yorke." It is dramatically fit and proper that the unfortunate Persis, who has had such hard luck all along, should, when her golden time arrives, fall in love with a married man; but we do not see why her luck should turn on the last page and cut up the other wife in a railway accident. However, as we said, this is an unimportant incident, and it would be unjust to lay much stress on it, because the rest of the story has such good points in it. Poor Persis, continually dragged down by her worthless relatives, her drunken father and silly, pretty sister, is well worth troubling about. Altogether the book, which is too long, reads as if it were written by that rare kind of person (rarer than most people think), an author who could do something excellent if he or she were not tied down by the demands of commercial novel-writing. A dangerous statement, and perhaps it should be corrected to—if he or she would envisage the drama as a whole, from beginning to end, with a little more closeness, and would set it forth freely and independently, forgetting entirely the methods of ordinary story-tellers and the necessities they create for themselves to hide their own dullness and lack of vision.

So far as the "Turkish Love Story" is Turkish it is interesting enough. "Adalet" gives a convincing and, on the whole, a pleasant picture of the harem and Turkish family life. The story itself, if it can be separated from its placing, is not very powerful; but it is so unpretentious that no one would quarrel with it, or consider it any great drawback to a charming little piece of work.

"The Grey Lady." By Henry Seton Merriman. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1895.

The Grey Lady is the Honourable Mrs. Harrington. Her honourableness is thrummed into our heads with a snobbish persistency which wearies, and it is always printed right off to create the proper swelling sensation in the breasts of those

who love titles in fiction. Round the honourable lady moves a story of the most commonplace kind. There are conventional rival brothers, conventional shipwrecks, and a conventional heroine without a heart. Mr. Merriman is resolute to do all things decently and in order. You seem to hear him congratulating himself on the respectability of his undertaking, and the self-conscious decorum of the Grey Lady is more irritating than the follies of writers of fiction with one-tenth of Mr. Merriman's ability. How to be dull, though clever, is the last word to be said of "The Grey Lady."

- "The Poor in Great Cities." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1896.
 "East London." By Henry Walker. London: the Religious Tract Society. 1896.
 "The Attitude of the Church to Some of the Social Problems of Town Life." By the Rev. W. Moore Ede, M.A. Cambridge: the University Press. 1896.
 "Work in Great Cities." By Arthur F. Winnington Ingram, M.A. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1896.

It was a good idea to collect the papers contributed to "Scribner's" three or four years ago on the subject of "The Poor in Great Cities." On the whole, they make a useful volume, readable, and yet serious. The general paper on London is the least satisfactory; it attempts to cover too much ground, and it is vague and general. It is a great mistake to think the public, even the magazine public, are afraid of technicalities, are afraid of the business-like discussion of questions as they interest experts. Generalizations from particulars are telling enough; but a general statement of particulars does no good to any one, and does not even afford passable reading. One excellent point about this volume is its variety. For instance, the late President of the New York State Board of Charities, Mr. Oscar Craig, outlines with pointed accuracy the large subject of agencies for the prevention of pauperism, and he is followed by Mr. Flagg's discussion of the tenement-house from an architect's point of view. Mr. Jacob A. Riis puts the broad problem of the children in one paper, and Mr. Edmund Spearman gives a particular answer in his description of the D'Alembert School at Montevrain for street Arabs. The success of this school, Mr. Spearman says, is due to the "weeding process"; only the *élite* are trained here; the "stupid, incompetent, and refractory" youths are sifted out and sent elsewhere. Some of the illustrations, those by Mr. C. Broughton, are very good.

"East London" is by way of being picturesque rather than enlightening; ejaculatory as to the good things done by Christian workers rather than explanatory. The Rev. W. Moore Ede, in his Hulsean Lectures for 1895, treats of the attitude of the Church towards the poor and their grievances. The lectures are rather disappointing and a little empty. The subject is chopped up into separate little divisions according to its different aspects—overcrowding, lack of employment, and so on. We do not feel that this is a very real classification; no one point is treated at sufficient length to become interesting, and the divisions hinder a noble treatment of the Christian philosophy of the subject. However, the lecturer sometimes puts well-known facts in a striking light, as when he says, "Workmen do not regard the fact of a Churchman being the head of a firm, or a landlord, as any special advantage, or as security that they will receive more considerate, more brotherly treatment."

Principal Ingram is entirely practical. He has had great experience in the ways of East London; he knows how to get at the people, how to impress them, how to get on with them, and he gives the results of his experience in great detail. The amount of energy in this book is astonishing; it is a veritable reflection of hard work, strenuous, methodical, untiring, cheerful. Very sensitive readers might now and again be shocked at the extremely business-like tone, forgetting that missionary work in Bethnal Green is a profession that needs practical skill and organization and a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent.

Our readers are requested to notice that it was Part IX., not Part XI., of "Bibliographica" which we reviewed last week.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, and at Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Friday. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY ADVERTISEMENT OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, CORNHILL, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

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REPORT ON OPERATIONS FOR MONTH ENDING
MAY 31, 1896.

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NATIVE LABOUR.—Native Labour is plentiful. A reduction of 5s. per month will be made forthwith.
WATER SUPPLY.—No rain has fallen, and the water is consequently decreasing in the dams. The new dam is finished.

ACCOUNTS.

I.—COST OF PRODUCTION AND COST PER TON MILLED.

	March, 1896			April, 1896		
	Gross	Per Ton		Gross	Per Ton	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Cyanide Works	5,376 6 0	1 8 1 ¹⁷⁸		4,922 17 1	1 7 4 ¹⁷	
	820 14 10	0 4 1 ¹⁷⁸		692 15 2	0 3 8 ¹⁷	
	(3,990 Tons)			(3,730 Tons)		
Total Costs	£6,197 0 10	£1 12 3 ¹¹		£5,615 12 3	£1 11 0 ¹⁴	
Realised per ton	—	1 18 7		—	1 11 4	
Profit per ton	—	£0 6 3 ¹⁷⁸		—	£0 0 3 ¹⁷	

	May, 1896		
	Gross	Per Ton	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Cyanide Works	4,995 17 2	1 7 0 ¹⁷	
	741 15 0	0 3 11 ¹⁷	
	(3,750 Tons)		
Total Costs	£5,737 12 11	£1 10 11 ¹⁷	
Realised per ton	—	1 9 7 ¹⁷	
Profit per ton	—	Loss £0 1 3 ¹⁷	

II.—REVENUE.

	March, 1896			April, 1896		
	Ozs.	Value		Ozs.	Value	
		£ s. d.			£ s. d.	
Gold at 73/3	1,537	5,610 1 0		1,173 ¹⁸	4,281 9 0	
Concentrates at 50/-	—	—		—	—	
Cyanide Process	551	1,735 13 0		412 ⁷⁰	1,297 16 0	
	2,088	£7,345 14 0		1,585 ¹⁸	£5,579 5 0	
Rents	—	32 0 0		—	32 0 0	
Total Revenue	per ton	£7,377 14 0		per ton	£5,611 5 0	
	38 5			31 2		

	May, 1896		
	Ozs.	Value	
		£ s. d.	
Gold at 73/3	1,140 ¹⁸	4,179 1 4	
Concentrates at 50/-	—	—	
Cyanide Process	402 ⁷⁵	1,307 1 4	
	1,543 ¹⁸	£5,486 2 8	
Rents	—	32 0 0	
Total Revenue	per ton	£5,518 2 8	
	29 9		

III.—PROFIT.

	March, 1896	April, 1896	May, 1896
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Estimated Profit (Cyanide Works)	977 10 8	651 13 10	565 5 7
Profit for Month (Plates & Concentrates)	268 13 2	Loss 581 8 3	Loss 784 15 10
Total Profit for Month	£1,246 3 10	£70 5 7 11	£219 10 3

IV.—CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

	March, 1896	April, 1896	May, 1896
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Permanent Works	544 13 0	304 18 11	1,371 16 5
Development	2,154 16 0	2,485 15 1	3,416 3 10
Buildings	1,070 11 5	753 2 5	1,364 16 10
Machinery and Plant	7,989 12 5	12,104 7 8	7,892 0 10
Surface Works	1,008 18 6	653 17 0	1,466 15 4
Furniture	117 1 3	—	6 8 0
Tools and Appliances	—	—	105 18 6
	£12,885 12 9	£16,302 1 1	£15,553 19 9

18 St. Swithin's Lane,
London, E.C., July 17, 1896.By order of the Board,
STUART JAMES HOGG, *Secretary*.

100

"THE JUMPERS" GOLD MINING COMPANY,
LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the next ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above-named Company will be held at Johannesburg on October 27, 1896, for the transaction of the following business:—

(a) To receive and consider the Statement of Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet, and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to July 31, 1896.

(b) To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. Julius Berlein and James Hay, who retire by rotation in terms of the Trust Deed, and being eligible, offer themselves for re-election. Also to confirm the election of Mr. Marcel Biver as Director.

(c) To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration of the present Auditors.

(d) To transact any other business which is brought under consideration by the Report of the Directors, and any General Business.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING will also be held on the same day and at the same place, for the purpose of adopting a new Trust Deed. A copy of the new Deed is being forwarded by mail, and will lie at this Office for inspection of Shareholders.

London Office,

122 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

July 23, 1896.

By Order,

A. MOIR, *London Secretary*.

ROYAL BLIND PENSION SOCIETY

(With which is United the Blind Female Annuity Society).

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THIS Society grants Pensions to the Blind Poor at their own Homes in sums ranging from 10s. to 25s. per month. There are at present upwards of 700 Pensioners residing in various parts of the Kingdom, among whom about £5,000 is annually distributed in pensions, paid monthly, through the agency of 500 Honorary Almoners. Elections take place in May and November in each year. In addition to those elected by the votes of Subscribers, two are added at every election by rotation. Others are nominated from time to time to receive the "Thomas Pocock" and "James Templeton Wood" Memorial Pensions. An approved Candidate of 75 years of age or upwards can receive an immediate Pension upon payment of a donation of THIRTY GUINEAS. To be eligible, applicants must be totally blind, above 21 years of age, of good moral character, and in receipt of an income not exceeding £20 if single, and £30 if married. No distinction is made in regard to sex or creed, nor is the receipt of parish relief a disqualification. Applications must be made on the printed form provided by the Society. Subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, or Donors of Five Guineas, are entitled to One Vote at every election, and the multiples thereof in proportion. The payment of a Legacy to the Society confers upon each Executor the privilege of one Life Vote for every £25 bequeathed. The yearly Report, containing the rules, accounts, and all information, will be forwarded on application. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, or by the Bank of England, or Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co.

JOHN C. BUMSTED, Esq., *Treasurer*.W. ELLIOTT TERRY, *Secretary*.

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been set aside for the provision of Working Capital, whereof £25,000 having been
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OFFERED for SUBSCRIPTION, payable as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on
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CONSULTING ENGINEER IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.
ZEBINA LANE, Consulting Engineer to the Great Boulder Proprietary Gold
Mines, Limited.

LOCAL AGENTS.

COLIN J. MCULLOCH & CO., Coolgardie, W.A.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

W. C. GOULD, Worcester House, Walbrook, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

FOR the purposes of amalgamation, and therefore for more advantageous working,
this Company has been formed to acquire the following properties:—Leases
1109 E and 1123 E, about 12 acres each, of the Great Boulder Junction Reefs
(Limited), and Leases 945 E and 1216 E, about 12 acres and 3 acres each respectively,
of the Boulder Consols Gold Mines (W.A.) (Limited), all situate at Hannan's in the
East Coolgardie District, Western Australia.

The mining leases to be acquired by the Company thus comprise an aggregate of
about 39 acres in one group, most favourably situated in the heart of the Hannan's
district, as will be seen from the sketch plan which accompanies the prospectus.
The properties have been worked for several months under the direction of the
well-known Mining Manager, Mr. Robert Gibson, and the extracts given from his
Reports show that considerable progress has been made with development work and
that a very large lode formation has been struck.

There is also the great advantage of a plentiful supply of water from the shafts
upon the property.

Mr. Lane reports as follows:—

To the Directors, the Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines (Limited), 3 Grace-
church Street, E.C.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your request, I herewith submit a short report on
measured portions 945, 1123, 1109, and 1216, East Coolgardie Goldfield. The total
area of the four blocks amounts to 39 acres, and is situated on the line of auriferous
country and on the direct course of the Great Boulder and Lake View Lodes; in fact,
taking the present indicated course of these lodes, they should pass through this
property.

Several shafts and prospecting pits have been sunk, one shaft to a depth of 125 feet
in a very large lode formation carrying a strong body of water, which could be
utilised to great advantage as it is only 1½ mile distant from the Great Boulder
property, and can be pumped direct to the crushing mill. I think that with proper
development and a small plant to enable sinking and cross-cutting to be carried out
below the water level, the chances of success are equal to any other property along
the line of lode, and there is every indication of the presence of the gold-bearing
parallel reefs that run with the true course of the Great Boulder Lode.

8th July, 1896.

Z. LANE.

Mr. Gibson, the late Mines Manager, reporting to his Directors, through Messrs.
C. J. McCulloch & Co., 15th February, 1896, upon assuming the management, says:
The prospecting work done on the sections is as follows:—

Mining Lease No. 1109 E.—A shaft has been sunk near the centre of the block to
a depth of 40 ft., and small cross-cuts driven east and west. We have a little water
in the shaft, but nothing to inconvenience. I propose sinking this shaft on down to
80 ft. before cross-cutting. I hope by then to have passed through the soft clay we
are now sinking into the rock beneath. By so doing we should be able to pick up a
continuation of the formation now being worked in the Boulder Consols, which lies
a few chains immediately to the north, a small three-acre block intervening.

Section 1123 E.—This block adjoins the 1109 E Lease on the South. On this area
a shaft has been sunk near the Northern Boundary to a depth of 35 ft. At this
depth a supply of water equal to 200 gallons per 24 hours has been cut; but I am
endeavouring to get this shaft down to the same level as that in the adjoining block.
This shaft has passed through bands and horizontal beds of ironstone having a very
promising appearance. The leaders appear to be dipping together and will probably
lead on to something more defined as depth is attained. I have found it necessary
to timber this shaft also before any sinking could be done. The prospects of your
property are indeed very promising, the outcrop of a large formation being visible on
the northern end of the North Block which has been proved to be gold bearing. The
whole of the south section is covered by alluvial. The blocks are very favourably
situated in the flat country to the south of the Great Boulder and Lake View Gold
Mines, being distant about 1½ mile. A continuation of the Great Boulder and Lake
View line of lodes must traverse this belt of country, and when we are in a position
to cross-cut the blocks I trust we shall be able to strike one of the rich lodes.

Reporting under date 8th April, 1896, Mr. Gibson says:—

No. 1 Shaft has been sunk 16 ft., making a total depth from surface of 116 ft. and
from the brace 125 ft. Had to stop sinking and timber up 14 ft. of ground near the
surface, which had been loosened through the percolation of surface water from the
recent heavy rains. Whilst thus engaged in timbering the water made so fast that
it took two shifts constant hauling before sinking could be resumed. The prospects
were so encouraging at the 100-ft. level that I decided to go on sinking, instead of
opening out, as originally planned, and I have had the satisfaction of cutting into a
decided lode formation, with a quartz reef running through it.

By cablegram, dated 8th April, 1896:—

Shaft has reached a depth of 125 ft. Have struck reef at a depth of 123 ft. The
width of the reef 2 ft. Very promising quartz. Water is increasing.

Section 945 E.—Reporting under date 25th April, 1896, Mr. Gibson says:—

No. 2 Shaft has been sunk a further 22 ft., making in all a total depth of 44 ft.
We have passed through a number of gossan veins running parallel with the
schistose formation we are now sinking in, and these on dollying gave colours of
gold. This must be taken as a most favourable indication, and strengthens my
opinion that good results must ensue when we are in a position to cross cut the
country at a depth. No. 3 Shaft has been sunk 21 ft., the total depth now being
41 ft. Quartz leaders are very numerous in this shaft.

Messrs. Colin J. McCulloch & Co., mining engineers, Coolgardie, report as
follows:—

161 4, Dashwood House, New Broad Street, E.C., 16th July, 1896.

To the Directors of the Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines (Limited),
3 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

Gentlemen,—At your request we have cabled to our Engineers at Coolgardie
asking them to furnish us with particulars of the latest work done upon, and the
prospects of, the Great Boulder Junction Reefs and the Boulder Consols Companies'
Properties.

The situation of these Leases is all that can be desired, being about 1½ mile to
the south of the Great Boulder Company's Leases, and in a direct line with the lode
now being so successfully worked on that property.

Great Boulder Junction Reefs consist of two blocks, 1109 E, containing a little
more than 12 acres, and Lease 1123 E, comprising a little over 12 acres; total,
24 acres, some roads.

Surface indications in these blocks show a very large lode formation, traversing
the entire length of the two Mines.

A great deal of development work has been done on both the Leases, the results
of which show that the lode formation, which shows on the surface, goes down and
contains more gold as depth is attained.

The deepest shaft on this property is 125 ft. At 123 ft. a very strong body of
water was met with, and the vein at this depth is unsettled; but once winding
machinery is erected upon the property, we feel confident, with further sinking,
when more settled country is met with, the auriferous nature of the lode will be very
much improved, and we consider the mine will open out as well as those in the
immediate vicinity to the northward.

The lode material in this property is identical with that of the Lake View and the
Great Boulder.

We consider that by sinking another 50 ft. an ample supply of water to run a ten-
head battery will be readily obtained.

The Boulder Consols Company own Lease 945 E, consisting of 12 acres, and
1216 E, consisting of 3 acres, 15 acres in all.

Several shafts have been sunk upon this property disclosing ore bodies, which with
further sinking, and deeper development, will, from the indications now showing,
eventually prove of a payable character, the lode material passed through being
of a highly favourable nature.

At the bottom of the shaft a very promising material composed of mineralised
schistose freely interspersed with gossan and ironstone veins, has been met with,
which is identical in appearance with the lode material worked so successfully in the
mines north of your lease.

A cross reef of quartz and ironstone about 3 ft. wide has been met on the
boundary; the underlay of this reef runs right into your property. A trial shaft is
being sunk to intercept this reef at a depth of 75 ft. The surface indications are
very good, and assay over 2 oz. to the ton.

The lode formation in the Consols and the Junction Reefs is very large, and of a
payable nature.

Now that the railway has been extended to Kalgoorlie, the cost of mining and
developing will be considerably lessened.

We consider the property a most valuable one, and when machinery is erected it
should not be long before it is on the dividend-paying list.

Yours faithfully,

COLIN J. MCULLOCH & CO.

The consensus of these Reports being, in the opinion of the Directors, clear as to
the great value of the properties, they intend to push on with their development,
and propose to erect a battery and all accessories for the requirements of the Mines.

The purchase consideration has been fixed by the Vendors, who are also the
promoters, and who pay all expenses of and incident to the formation of the Com-
pany up to the first allotment, at £125,000, payable as to £50,000 in fully-paid
shares at par, and as to the balance of £75,000 in fully-paid shares at par or cash, or
partly in fully-paid shares at par and partly in cash, at the option of the Directors,
leaving 40,000 shares available for working capital, which is considered ample.

The following contracts have been entered into:—An agreement, dated the 21st
day of July, 1896, and made between the Great Boulder Junction Reefs (Limited),
and its Liquidator, of the one part, and this Company of the other part. An agree-
ment, dated the 21st day of July, 1896, and made between the Boulder Consols Gold
Mines (W.A.) (Limited), and its Liquidator, of the one part, and this Company of
the other part. An agreement, dated the 21st day of July, 1896, and made between
the Great Boulder Junction Reefs (Limited), of the first part, the Boulder Consols
Gold Mines (W.A.) (Limited), of the second part, William Charles Gould of the third
part, this Company of the fourth part, and the Great Boulder Proprietary Gold
Mines (Limited) of the fifth part.

Various agreements and other arrangements have been made for the payment by
the Vendors of all charges and expenses up to Allotment, and including Brokerage.
These do not involve the Company in any liability, but may technically be Contracts
within the meaning of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for Shares
shall be deemed to have notice thereof, and to waive their rights to any further
particulars as to the dates and names of the parties thereto or otherwise, and shall
accept this as a sufficient compliance with the said Section.

The above Contracts, with prints of the Memorandum and Articles of Association
of the Company, and the original or copies of the Reports, may be inspected at the
offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Application for Shares should be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus,
and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance of the amount
payable on application. The allotment will be made immediately after the closing
of the list, and in cases where no allotment is made the amount deposited on applica-
tion will be returned at once without deduction. If the number of Shares allotted be
less than that applied for the surplus deposit will be credited in reduction of the
payment on allotment as far as possible.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Brokers, Solici-
tors, and of the Secretary at the Offices of the Company; also from the Secretary of
the Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines (Limited), 3 Gracechurch Street, E.C.
London, 21st July, 1896.

This form may be cut out, filled up, and forwarded with a cheque for the amount
of the Application money to the Company's Bankers, Brown, Janson & Company,
32 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of

GREAT BOULDER JUNCTION REEFS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being 2s. 6d. per Share
on..... Shares of £1 each in the above Company, I request you to allot me
that number of Shares, and I hereby agree to accept such Shares or any less number
you may allot to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus of July 21, 1896, and the
Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and to pay 5s. per
Share on allotment, and the balance thereon according to the terms of the Pro-
spectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members for
the Shares so allotted to me, and I agree with the Company (as Trustees for the
Directors and other persons who may be liable) to waive any claim I may have
against them for further information or compliance with Section 38 of the Companies
Act, 1867, than that contained in the Prospectus or otherwise.

Name (in full)

Address

Occupation

Usual Signature

Date

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New York, 6th June, 1896.

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Any further information as to the Reorganization may be obtained on application to Mr. Howland Roberts, Secretary to the London Committee, care of Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co. London, 21st July, 1896.

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